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Mr. Hallinan as the character of Sir Joseph Wilton
in the Old Bachelor.

Joe Miller's JESTS:
OR, THE
Wits *Vade-Mecum.*

B E I N G

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Joe Miller's *The Seven* OR THE Wise Vultus-McCann.

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திருவாரூபம் கீழ்க்கண்ட படிமத்தில் விவரிதிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளது.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

Joe Miller's JESTS.

1.  H E Duke of A--H, who was won't to say more good Things than any Body, being behind the Scenes the first Night of the *Beggar's Opera*, and meeting old Cibber there, Well, Colly, said he, how d'y you like the *Beggar's Opera*? Why it makes one laugh, my Lord, reply'd the other, on the Stage; but how will it do in Print? O! very well, I'll answer for it, said the Duke, if you don't write a Preface to it. *

2. There being a great Disturbance one Night at Drury-Lane Play-House, Mr. Wills, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand, This is no Civil Orange, I think, said he.

3. A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. Proul, another Player, received from him a smart Box on the Ear; a few Days after, the Poetical Player having lost his Snuff-Box, was making strict Enquiry if any Body had seen

B

seen

* See Cibber's *Preface to Provok'd Husband.*

2 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

seen his Box. What, said another of the Theatrical Funsters, that which George Powell gave you the other Night?

4. Mr. H—rr—n, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland, being one Night in the Pit, at the Play-House in Dublin, *Monetta Gall*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hand under her Petticoats. Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no Goods there but what have been *fairly entered*.

5. In the Reign of Queen Anne when it was said the Lord Oxford had got a Number of Peers made at once to serve a particular Turn, being met the next Day by my Lord Wharton, So, Robin, said he, I find what you lost by *Tricks* you have gained by *Honours*.

6. Sir T. P. once in Parliament, brought in a Bill that wanted some Amendment; which being not attended to by the House, he frequently repeated. That he *thirsted* to mend his Bill. Upon which a worthy Member got up, and said, Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that Member *thirsts* so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his *Draught*. This put the House into such a good Humour, that his Request was granted.

7. A certain Country Squire asked a *Merry Andrew*, Why he play'd the Fool? For the same Reason, said he, that you do; out of *Want*: You do it for *Want of Wit*, and I do it for *Want of Money*.

8. When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady Dartmouth, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart, upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord, said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you bear in this Place.

9. A poor Man who had a *termagant* Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more *crooked* Word he'd beat her Brains out; Why then *Rams Horn*, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

3

10. A Gentleman ask'd a Lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beau's and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all? O! said she, they pass off like the Waters: And pray, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, do they all pass the same Way?

11. An Hackney-Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers used to club their *Three-Pence* a-piece, four of them, to go to Westminster, and being call'd by a Lawyer at Temple-Bar, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into his Coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-hall; but the Coachman still holding his Door open, as if he waited for more Company: one of the Gentlemen ask'd him, Why he did not shut the Door and go on? the Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd, You know, Master, my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for Nine-Pence.

12. *Gum Jones*, who had made a handsome Fortune from a very mean Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for long Time, was ask'd by the other, How he could have the Impudence to give himself so many Airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remembered him seven Years before, when he had hardly a *Rag to his A—*. You lie, Sarah, reply'd Jones, for seven Years ago I had nothing but *Rags to my A—*.

13. A Gentleman told *Betty C—rl-y*, upon shewing her Legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike that they must needs be Twins. But indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than one or two between them.

14. A Lady seeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a very handsome young Gentleman, attending the Judge who was an old Man, a Gentleman, standing by, ask'd her which she liked best, the Judge or the Sheriff? The Lady told him, The Sheriff. Why not like the Gentleman. Because, answered she, tho' I love Judgment well, I like Execution better.

15. One told another, who did not use to be cluched very often, that his new Coat was too *slim* for him:

4 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

That's true, answered his Friend, but it will be long enough before I get another.

16. A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-Maid, turned her away immediately. Hussy, said she, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you only to do that Work which I choose to do myself.

17. Altho' the Infirmitie's of Nature are not proper Subjects to be made a Jest of, yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every Body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this Sort was old *Cross* the Player, who being very deaf did not care that any Body should know it.

Honest Joe Miller going with a Friend, one Day along Fleet-street, and seeing old *Cross* on the other Side the Way, told his Acquaintance he should see some Sport, so beckoning to *Cross* with his Finger, and stretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he said nothing, the old Fellow comes puffing from t'other Side the Way, What a Fox, said he, do you make such a Noise for, do you think one can't hear?

18. Joe Miller another Day, sitting in the Window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while the Fish-Woman was passing by, crying, By my Soals, by my Maids! Ah! you wicked old Creature, said Joe, are you not contented to sell your own Soul, but you must sell your Maid's too?

19. Sir William Davenant, the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the Meane one Day, a Beggar-Woman follow'd him, crying, Ah! God preserve your Eye-Sight, Sir, the Lord preserve your Eye-Sight. Why, good Woman, said he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye Sight? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

20. A conceited Fellow, who fancy'd himself a Poet, asked Nat. Let if it was not easy to write like a Madman as he did? No, answered Nat, but it is easy to write like a Fool as you do.

21. Colly, who, notwithstanding his Odes, has now and then said a good Thing, being told one Night behind

JOE MILLER's JESTS.

5

hind the Scenes, by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to see him hang'd or beggar'd very soon : By G——d, said the Laureat, if I had your Grace's *Politicks* and *Morals*, you might expect both.

22. Several Years ago, when Mrs. *Rogers*, the Player, was young and handsome, Lord *North* and *Grey*, remarkable for his homely Face, accosting her one Night behind the Scenes, ask'd her, with a Sigh, What was a *Cure for Love?* Your *Lordship*, said she, the best I know in the World.

23. Dr. *Sinclair*, and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampstead* on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcell*, the Puzzler, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going thither. The Doctor merrily answering him *To make Hay*: Very well, reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants *Rakes*.

24. A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Till-Yard* Coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the General *Deluge*: Zounds, Sir, said an old Campaigner, who stood by, who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.

25. Mother *Needham*, about 30 Years ago, being much in Arrear with her Landlord for Rent, was warmly pressed by him for his Money: Dear Sir, said she, how can you be so pressing at this dead Time of the Year, in about six Weeks both the Par——t and the C——nv——c——n will sit, and then Business will be so brisk, that I shall be able to pay you ten Times the Sum.

26. Lord *R——* having lost about fifty Pistoles one Night at the Gaming-Table in *Dublin*, some Friends condoling with him upon his ill Luck, Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done, for I have bit them, by G——d; there is not one Pistole that don't want Six-pence of Weight.

27. A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney Corner, try'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently.

6 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

presently. *My Boots you mean, I suppose, said the Gentleman?* No, Sir, reply'd the other, they are burnt already.

28. A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air: Well, honest Fellow, said he, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman reply'd, 'Tis very likely you may, truly, for I am sowing Hemp.

29. *Villars*, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, in King Charles II. his Time, was saying one Day to Sir Robert Vyner in a melancholic Humour, I am afraid Sir Robert I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World: Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir Robert, there is another thing more terrible which you have Reason to apprehend, and that is, that *you will live a Beggar*.

30. The same noble Duke, another Time, was making his Complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and ask'd him what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do, my Lord, said Sir John. That I can do*, answered the Duke, *when I am ruined*.

31. At another Time a Person who had been a Dependant on his Grace, begg'd his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing the more home upon the Duke, said, *He had No Body to depend on but God and his Grace*. Then, says the Duke, you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitch'd upon any two who have less Interest at Court.

32. Two Free-thinking Authors, said a certain Bookseller, when I was a little low in the World, assured me, if I would print their Works, they would *set me up*, and indeed they were as good as their Word, for in six Weeks after I published the first Thing they sent me, I was set up indeed—but it was in the Pillory.

33. A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very stinking Breath: The Words are good, said she, but the *Air* is intolerable.

34. The late Mrs. Oldfield being asked if she thought Sir W. Y. and Mrs. H——n, who had both stinking Breaths, were married: I don't know, said she, whether

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 7

ther they are married, but I am sure there is a *Wedding* between them.

35. A Gentleman saying something of an ugly Wench, with a red Face; another said, her Face always put him in Mind of *Mary-bone Park*; being desired to explain himself, he said, it was vastly rude, and had not one Bit of *Pale* about it.

36. A pragmatical young Fellow sitting at Table over-against the learned *John Scot*, ask'd him what Difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*? *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answered the other.

37. Sir *Thomas Moore*, for a long Time had only Daughters, his Wife earnestly praying that they might have a *Boy*, at last they had a *Boy*, who, when he came to Man's Estate, proved but simple; *Thou prayedst so long for a Boy*, said Sir *Thomas* to his Wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a Boy as long as he lives*.

38. The same Gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the Counsel of the Party, for a *longer Day* to perform a Decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's Day, the longest in the Year*; which happened to be the next Week.

39. This famous Chancellor, who preserved his Humour and Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower-bill*, the Headsman demanding his *Upper-Garment* as his Fee; Ay, Friend, said he, taking off his *Cap*, that I think is my *Upper-Garment*.

40. The great *Algernon Sidney* seem'd to shew as little Concern at his Death, he had, indeed, got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon; but when it was told, that his Majesty could not be prevail'd upon to give him his Life, but that in regard to his ancient and noble Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off; Nay, said he, if his Majesty is resolved to have my Head he may make a Whistle of my A—— if he pleases.

41. Lady C—— —g, and her two Daughters, having taken Lodgings at a Leather-Breeches Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the *Cock and Leather-Breeches*, was always put to the Blush when she was obliged to give any Body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd;

odd; upon which my Lady, a very good sort of Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, She lik'd him and his Lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit them on Account of his Sign, for she was ashamed to tell any Body what it was. O dear Madam! said the young Fellow, I would do any thing rather than lose so good Lodgers, I can easily alter my Sign: So I think, reply'd my Lady, and I'll tell you how you may satisfy both me and my Daughters: Only take down your Breeches and let your Cock stand.

42. When *Rabelais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death-bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment, for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was prepared for the next World: Yes, yes, replied *Rabelais*, I am ready for my Journey now, they have just greased my Boots.

43. Henry the 4th of *France*, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer, Here lies the Body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was. Then, said the King, he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers.

44. A certain Member of the *French* Academy, who was no great Friend to the Abbot *Furetiere*, one Day took the Seat that was commonly used by the Abbot, and soon after having Occasion to speak, and *Furetiere* being by that Time come in: Here is a Place, said he, Gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thousand Impertinences. Go on, answered *Furetiere*, there's one already.

45. When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his Great Room, in *York Buildings*, for public Orations, that very Room which was lately so worthily occupied by the learned and eximious Mr. Professor *Lazy*, he happened at a Time to be pretty much behind hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the Rostrum, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight,

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 9

no Matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir *Richard*, says the Fellow, we have been working for you these fix Weeks, and can not get One Penny of Money, pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us? Very well, very well, said Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your Subject.

46. A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, altho' an old Fellow of above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that Account, and asked him if he never read at home? No, reply'd the Clown, I can't read: I dare say, said the Parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same Time, Who made you, Child? said the Parson. God, Sir, answered the Boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a Child of five or six Years old tell me who made him, when you that are so old a Man cannot? Ah! said the Countryman, it is no Wonder that he should remember, he was made but t'other Day, it is a great while, Measler, sin I were made.

47. A certain reverend Drane in the Country was complaining to another, that it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. O I said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.

48. One of the aforesaid Levites, as was his Cufom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them flunk out of the Church one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. Truly, said a Gentleman present, this learned Doctor has made a very moving Discourse.

49. The late Duke of *Wharton* going through *Holborn* in a Hackney Coach with *Phil. F*—, saw a Fellow drumming before the Door of a Puppet-Shew; Now that is a pretty Employment, *Phil.* said the Duke, if you were reduced so low, that you were obliged to be either a Highwayman or a Drummer to a Puppet-Shew, which would you choose? Faith, my Lord, answered *Phil.* I would be the Highwayman rather than the other.

Ay,

10 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

Ay, reply'd the Duke, that confirms the Opinion I always had of you, that you have more *Pride* than *Honesty*.

50. A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest Man in the House, has a frequent Custom of shaking his Head, when another speaks, which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complained of the Indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assured them, That it was only an ill Habit that he had got, for though he would often shake his Head, there was *Nothing* in it.

51. A French Marquis being one Day at Dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said was *de fine Ornament to de Hand*, and had been followed by all *de oder Nations*. Roger allowed what he said, but observed, at the same Time, that the *English*, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding the *Spirit* to it.

52. A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: Now, Madam, said he, tripping up her Heels, *I bar squeaking; Bar the Door you Fool*, cry'd she.

53. A very modelt young Gentleman, of the County of Tipperary, having attempted many Ways, in vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last was resolv'd to try what could be done by the Help of Music, and therefore entertained her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight, but she ordered her Servants to drive him thence by throwing Stones at him: O! my Friend, said one of his Companions, your Music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very Stones about you.

54. Some unlucky Boys, the Scholars of Dr. Busby at Westminster, besmeared the Stairs leading to the School with something that shall be nameless; the Doctor, at

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 11

it was designed, besouled his Fingers very much in it, which so enraged him, that he cry'd out, He would give any Boy Half a Crown that would discover who had a Hand in it; upon which, an arch Boy immediately told him, For that Reward he would let him know who had a Hand in it: Well, said the Doctor, I will certainly give you the Half Crown, if you tell me the Truth: Why then, answered the Boy, *you had a Hand in it*, or it would not have been so besh——t.

55. A very harmless *Irishman*, eating an Apple-Pye with some Quinces in it; Arrah, now dear Honey, said he, if a few of these Quinces give such a Flavour, how would an Apple-Pye taste that was made of all Quinces.

56. An *English Gentleman* ask'd Sir *Richard Steele*, who was an *Irishman*, What was the Reason that his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering and making Bull's? Faith, said the Knight, I believe there is something in the Air of *Ireland*, and I dare say if an *Englishman* was born there he would do the same.

57. A Gentleman who was a staunch *Whig*, disputing with a *Jacobite*, said, He had two good Reasons for being against the Interest of the Pretender: What are those? said the other, The First, reply'd he, is, that he is an *Impostor* and not really King *James*'s Son: Why that, said the *Tory*, would be a good Reason if it could be proved: And pray, Sir, what is your other? Why, said the *Whig*, that *he is King James's Son*.

58. A certain Nobleman, a Courtier, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with, *How does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times?* To which his Grace reply'd, *I never go into my Kitchen; but I dare say the Scum is uppermost*.

59. A Gentleman having lent a Guinea for two or three Days to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surprized to find, that he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being some Time after desirous of borrowing a larger Sum: No, said the other, *you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second Time.*

12 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

60. My Lord Chief Justice Holt had sent, by his Warrant, one of the French Prophets, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which, Mr. Lacy, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House and desired to speak with him; the Servants told him, Their Lord was not well, and saw no Company that Day: But tell him, said Lacy, I must see him, for I come to him from the Lord God; which being told the Chief Justice, he ordered him to come in, and ask'd him his Busines; I come, said he, from the Lord, who hath sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for John Atkins, who is his Servant, and whom thou hast cast into Prison. Thou art a false Prophet, answered my Lord, and a lying Knave; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli Prosequi*.

61. A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one of the Congregation was getting out of the Church in a great Hurry; but a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, asked whither he was going? *Home for my Night-Cap*, answered the first, for I find we are to stay here all Night.

62. Old Dennis, who had been the Author of many Plays, going by a Brandy-Shop, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; the Man who kept it came out to him, and desired the Favour of him to drink a Dram; For what Reason? said he; Because you are a Dramatick Poet, answered the other: Well thou art an out-of-the-Way Fellow, laid the old Gentleman, and I will drink a Dram with thee: But when he had so done the Man asked him to pay for it: "Sdeath, Sir, said the Bard, did not you ask me to drink a Dram, because I was a Dramatick Poet? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Fellow, but I did not think you had been a Dram o'Tick Poet."

63. Daniel Purcel, the famous Punter and a Friend of his meeting, and having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of January, King Charles's Martyrdom; they went to the Salutation-Tavern upon Holborn-Hill, and finding the Door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to them, only one of the Drawers

Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and asked, What they would please to have? Why open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine: The Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day, for it was a *Fast*. D——mn your Master, reply'd he, for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to *fast* himself, but he must make his Doors *fast* too.

64. The same Gentleman calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too *short*: The Drawer said they had no other, and those were *but just come in*. Ay, said *Daniel*, I see your Master has not bought them *very long*.

65. The same Gentleman, as he had the Character of a great Punster, was desired one Night in Company, by a Gentleman, to make a *Pun extempore*; Upon what Subject, said *Daniel*? The King, answered the other. O! Sir, said he, the King is no *Subject*.

66. An *Irish Lawyer* of the *Temple*, having Occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

67. The same Gentleman had a Client of his own Country, who was a Sailor, and having been at Sea for some Time, his Wife was married again in his Absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her, and coming to advise with the Counsellor, he told him, He must have Witnesses to prove that he was alive when his Wife marry'd again: Arrah, by my Shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other, for my Ship-Mates are all gone to Sea again upon a long Voyage and shan't return this Twelve-month: O! then, answered the Counsellor, there can be nothing done it, and what a Pity it is that such a brave Cause should be lost now, only because you can't prove yourself to be alive.

68. Poor *Joe Miller* happening one Day to be caught by some of his Friends, in a very familiar Posture with a Cook Wench, who was exceeding ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the Oddness of his Fancy. Why, look ye, Gentlemen, said he, altho' I am not a *very young Fellow*, I have a good Constitution, and

14 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet either to *Beauty* or *Brandy* to whet my Appetite.

69. Mr. Congreve going up the Water, in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they passed by Peterborow House, at Mill-Bank, that that House had *sunk a Story*; No, Friend, said he, I rather believe it is a *Story rais'd*.

70. The aforesaid House, which is the very last in London one Way, being rebuilt, a Gentleman ask'd another who lived in it? His Friend told him, Sir Robert Grosvenor. I do not know, said the first, what Estate Sir Robert has, but he ought to have a very good one, for No-Body lives beyond him in the whole Town.

71. Two Gentlemen disputing about Religion in Button's Coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*; Done, said the other, and Sir Richard Steele here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the Creed: Well, said the other, I own I have lost, *I did not think he could have done it.*

72. Sir B——ch——r W——y, in the Beginning of Queen Anne's Reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling Home from the Fountain-Tavern, in the Strand, on a Sunday Morning, cried out, We are the Pillars of the Church. No, by G——d, said a Whig, that happened to be in their Company, you can be but the Buttresses, for you never come on the Inside of it.

73. Swan, the famous Punter of Cambridge, being Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the Strand in the Beginning of King William's Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney Coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take Coach, it rains hard? Ay, Friend, said he, but this it no *Reign* for me to take Coach in.

74. When Oliver first coin'd his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription, on one Side, *God with us*: On the other, *The Common-wealth of England*. I see, said he, *God and the Common-Wealth are on different Sides.*

75. *Colonel Bond*, who had been one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a Day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where, that *Cromwell* was dead: No, said a Gentleman, who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his farther Appearance.

76. A *Welchman*, bragging of his Family, said, His Father's Effigies was set up in *Westminster Abbey*, being ask'd whereabouts, he said, In the same Monument with 'Squire *Thyne's*, for he was his Coachman.

77. A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, That really *Sampson* was a very strong Man: Ay, said another, but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him by the Head and Shoulders.

78. My Lord *Strangford*, who flaminer'd very much, was telling a certain Bishop that sat at his Table, that *Balaam's Ass* spoke because he was Pri——est——Priest-rid, Sir, said a Valet-de-Chambre, who stood behind his Chair, my Lord would say. No, Friend, replied the Bishop, *Balaam* could not speak himself, and so his *Ass* spoke for him.

79. The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, Why the *Goose*, if there was one, was always plac'd next the *Parsor*. Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a *Goose* for the Future without thinking of your *Lordship*.

80. Lady N——, who had but a very homely Face, but was extremely well-shaped, and always neat about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the Park in a Mask; and a Gentleman followed her for a long Time making strong Love to her; he called her his *Life*, his *Soul*, his *Angel*, and begged, with abundance of Earnestness, to have one Glimpse of her Face; at last, when she came on the other Side of the Bird-Cage Walk, to the Houfe she was going into, she turn'd about, and pulling off her Mask: Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have with me? The Man, at first Sight of her Face, drew back and lifting up his Hands, O! Nothing, Madam, Nothing, cried he: I cannot say, said my Lady, but I like your Sincerity, tho' I hate your Manners.

16 JOE MILLER's Jests.

81. An arch Wagg of St. John's College, Cambridge, ask'd another of the same College, who was a great Sloven, Why he would not read a certain Author called, *Go-Clenius*.*

82. Colonel ——, who made the fine Fire-Works in St. James's-Square, upon the Peace of Ryswick, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcel's Monument,

He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only :

He is gone to that Place where only his own Fireworks can be exceeded.

83. After the Fire of London, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City; every House was to be *three Stories* high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards : A Gloucestershire Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act passed, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the Streets ! Walls publickly in the Streets ! and why not, pray Sir, answered the little Woman ? Because, said he, you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament, you are but two Stories high, and your *Balcony* hangs over your House-of-Office.

84. One Mr. Topbam was so very tall, that if he was now living, when People are so fond of Shews, he might have made a very good one ; this Gentleman going

* A famous Grammarian.

going, one Day, to enquire for a Countryman a little Way out of Town, when he came to the House, he look'd in at a little Window over the Door, and look'd the Woman, who sat by the Fire, if her Husband was at Home? No, Sir, said she, but if you please to sit down and come in, I'll go and call him.

85. The same Gentleman walking about Covent-Garden, was ask'd by a Beggar-Woman for a Half-penny or Farthing, but finding he could not part with his Money, she being d, for Charity's Sake, he would give her one of his old Shoes. He was very desirous to know what she could do with one Shoe; To make my Child a Cradle, Sir, said she.

86. King Charles II. having ordered a Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at the Time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, Mr. Killigrew went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it, which seeming very odd; when they were brought home, he ask'd the Meaning of it; the Taylor said; Mr. Killigrew order'd it so; Killigrew being sent for, and interrogated, said, One Pocket was for the Addresses of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the Money they would give him.

87. My Lord B———, in Queen Anne's Reign, had married three Wives, who were all his Servants, a Beggar-Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtesy, Ah, God Almighty bless your Lordship, said she, and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough we shall be all Ladies in Time.

88. Mr. B———, happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of the late Queen's Reign, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to Mr. B's Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him; the chief Magistrate of the City not seeing his Toast go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry? At nothing, by G——d, says Tom, and so drank off his Glass.

89. My Lord Craven, in King James the First's Reign, was very desirous to see Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's House, but being in a very tatter'd Condition, as Poets some Times are, the Porter refus'd him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the Occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of No Body to speak for him, said, He understood his Lordship desired to see him. You, Friend, said my Lord, Who are you? Ben Johnson, replied the other: No, no, quoth, my Lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you could not say Bo to a Goose: Bo, cry'd Ben: Very well, said my Lord, who was better pleas'd at the Joke, than offended at the Affront; I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are Ben Johnson.

90. A certain Fop was boasting in Company that he had every Sense in Perfection: No, by G——d, said one, who was by, there is one you are intirely without, and that is *Common Sense*.

91. Dr. Taddeus, who was a Man of an enormous Size, happening to go, *Thump, Thump*, with his great Legs, thro' a Street in Oxford, where the Pavours were at Work, in the Middle of July, the Fellows immediately laid down their Rammers, Ah! God bless you, Master, cries one of them, it was very kind of you to come this Way, it saves us a great deal of Trouble this hot Weather.

92. G——, E——I, who, tho' he is very rich, is remarkable for his sordid Covetousness, told Colley one Night, in the *Green-Room*, that he was going out of Town, and was sorry to part with him, for Faith *beloved him*. Ah! said Colley, I wish I was a Shilling for your Sake: Why so, said the other? Because then, cry'd the Laureat, I should be sure you loved me.

93. Lord C——by coming out of the House of Lords one Day, called out, Where's my Fellow? Not in England, by G——d, said a Gentleman who stood by.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS 19

94. Mr. Serjeant G——d——, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before Judge F——r——e; who has little or no Nose, the Judge told him, he was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it: Oh! my Lord, said the Serjeant, have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose on your Face.

95. A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, It put him in Mind of an old English Poet: Being ask'd who that was, Chau——er, replied he.

96. A certain Roman-Catholic Lord, having renounced the Papist Religion, was asked, not long after, by a Protestant Peer, Whether the Ministers of the State, or Ministers of the Gospel had the greatest Share in his Conversion? To whom he replied, that when he renounced Papery, he had also renounced auricular Confession.

97. Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted, among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his Enemy, so like, that every Body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the Cardinal complaining to Pope Clement the Seventh, of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: You know very well, said the Pope, I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory but not out of Hell.

98. A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whiting, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it, but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the Plate and put it to his own Ear; the Gentleman at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, he told him, That he had a Brother lost at Sea, about a Fortnight ago, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any Thing of him: And what Answer made he, said the Gentleman? He told me, reply'd the other, that he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these three Weeks.

I would not have any of my Readers apply this Story, as an unfortunate Gentleman did once, who the next

Day after he had first heard it, was whispering a striking *Rump of Beef* at a Friend's House.

109. A certain Author was telling George Sewel, that a Passage he found Fault with in his Poem, might be justified, and that he thought it a *Metaphor*. It is such a one then, said the Doctor, as truly I never Met a-fare.

110. Two Oxford Scholars, meeting on the Road, with a *Turkisbire* Hobler, they fell to banting him, and told the Fellow, That they could prove him to be a *Horse*, or an *Ale*. Well, said the Other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a *Malt*. A *Malt* cry'd one of them, how can that be? Because, said the Other, it is something between an *Horse* and an *Ale*.

111. An English Gentleman happening to be in Brecknockshire, he used sometimes to divert himself with Shooting, but being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little Welsh Justices, his Worship told him, That unless he could produce his Qualification he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had too little Manners. Yes, Sir, said the Englishman, any Body may perceive that. Perceive what? cry'd the Welshman; That you have too little Manners, laid the other.

112. The Captain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errant to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living; How often, said one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, answered the other, in case of a Storm, or the Apprehension of any Danger from the Enemy. Ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that, but my Master makes us go to Prayers when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

113. Not much unlike this Story is one a Midshipman told one Night, in Company with my dear Friend Joe Miller and myself; who said, That being once in great Danger at Sea, every Body was observed to be upon their Knees but one Man, who being called upon to come with the rest to Prayers: Not I, said he, it is your Business to take Care of the Ship, I am but a *Passenger*.

114. Three or four roguish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of Oxford, spied a poor Fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ale by him, loaded

leaded with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand; says one of the Scholars to the rest, If you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present: No doubt of it they were not long consenting; why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at Abingdon, for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapman enough; therefore do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and the Bridle over my Head, and then lead the Ass to Market, and let me alone with the old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after the poor Man awaking, was strangely surprized to see his Ass thus metamorphos'd: Oh! for God's Sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mooth, and this Load from my Back. Zounds, how came you here? replied the old Man? Why, said he, my Father, who's a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Ass, but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again. I beg you will let me go home and thank him: By all Means, said the Crickery Merchant, I don't desire to have any thing to do with Conjuration, and so for the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Ass for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new one in the Fair, and after having look'd on several, his own was thrown him for a very good one: O, no! said he, what harm and loss Fellow quarrelled again? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.

105. A certain Lady at Whitball, of great Quality, but very little Modesty, having sent for a Linnen-Dresser to bring her some Hollands; as soon as the young Fellow entered the Room, O! Sir, said she, I find you're a Man fit for Business, for you no sooner look'd a Lady in the Face, but you've your Hand in one Hand, and are lifting up the Linnen with the other.

106. A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, spied a young Fellow and a Lass very busy near a Five-Bar Gate, in one of his Fields, and calling to them to know what they were about,

about, said the young Man, No Harm, Farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.

107. King Charles II. being prevailed upon, by one of his Courtiers, to knight a very worthless Fellow, of a mean Aspect, when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, the new Knight drew a little back, and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance: *Don't be ashamed*, said the King, 'tis I have most Reason to be ashamed.

108. King Henry VIII. designing to send a Nobleman on an Embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excused, saying, Such a threatening Message, to so hot a Prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, said old Harry, if the French King should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the Heads of many Frenchmen now in my Power: *But of all these Heads*, replied the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

109. A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employ'd in several Embassies, told him, He look'd like an Owl. I know not, answer'd the Courtier, what I look like, but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times to represent your Majestys Person.

110. A Country Fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Leggerheads*, cry'd the other. Do you, answered the Countryman, *legad then you're a special Trade*, for I see you have but one left.

111. Manners, who was himself but lately made Earl of Rutland, told Sir Thomas Moore, he was too much elated by his Preferment, that he verify'd the old Proverb,

Honores mutant Mores. *No* *moda*

No, my Lord, said Sir Thomas, the *Pox* will do much better in *English*,

Honours change MANNERS.

112. A Nobleman having chose a very illiterate Person for his Library Keeper, one said, It was like a *Seraglio kept by an Eunuch*.

113. When Sir Cloudesty Shovel set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer, composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the Success of the Fleet; in which his Grace made Use of this unlucky Expression, That he begg'd God would be a *Rock* of Defence to the Fleet; which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument, set up for him in Westminster Abbey, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks called, the *Bishop and his Clerks*:

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heaven the wise Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

114. A poor dirty Shoe Boy going into a Church, one Sunday Evening, and seeing the Parish Boys standing in a Row upon a Bench to be catechized, he gets up himself; and stands in the very first Place; so the Parson of Course beginning with him, asked him, *What is your Name?* Rugged and Tough, answer'd he; *Who gave you that Name?* says Domine: Why the Boys in our Ally, reply'd poor Rugged and Tongh, the Lord d——mn 'em.

115. A Mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Justice of the Peace, and one who was willing to dispense the Laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law against *firing a Beacon*, or *caning a Beacon* to be fired, after Nine of the Clock at Night; the poor Man zead.

44 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

read it *frying of Bacon, or causing any Bacon to be fried*; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the Scent, and being directed by his Nose, to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying Bacon*, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it: Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

116. The late facetious Mr. Spiller, being at the Rehearsal, on a Saturday Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid; was asking another, Whether Mr. Wood, the Treasurer of the House, had any thing to say to them that Morning? No, Faith, *Fammy*, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. By G——d, said Spiller, if there's no *Cole*, we must burn *Wood*.

117. A witty Knave coming into a Lace-Shop upon Ludgate-bill, said, He had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace; and having pitch'd upon that he liked, ask'd the Woman of the Shop, how much she would have for as much as would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his Head, or under his Chin; after some Words they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in Part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition.*

118. A prodigal Gallant, whose penurious Mother being lately dead, and had left a plentiful Estate, one Day being on his Frolics, quarrelled with his Coachman, and said, You damned Son of a Whore, I'll kick you into Hell. Will you, replied the Coachman, then when I come there I'll tell your Mother how extravagantly you are spending your Estate upon Earth.

119. A Venetian Ambassador going to the Court of Rome, passed thro' Florence, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of Tuscany. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador, the State of Venice had sent him, as a Man altogether unworthy of his pub-

public Character. *Your Highness*, said he, *must not wonder at it, for we have many idle Pates at Venice.* So have we, reply'd the Duke, in Florence, but we don't send them to treat of publick Affairs.

120. A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman to whom he applied himself, ask'd him a Question in *Latin*, the Fellow, shaking his Head, said, He did not understand him: Why, said the Gentleman, did not you say you were a poor Scholar? Yes, replied the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin.*

121. A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on *Happiness, or Bliss*; when he had done, a Gentleman told him, he had forgot one Sort of Happiness: *Happy are they that did not bear your Sermon.*

122. A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed, she was but *Forty*, and called upon a Gentleman, who was in Company, for his Opinion; Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right, when I say I am but *Forty*? I am sure, Madam, reply'd he, I ought not to dispute it, for I have constantly heard you say so, for above these *Ten Years*.

123. It being proved on a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*. I see, said the Judge, the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*.

124. A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, That he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell lame by the Way: Why, then, said the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal, and such a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same; and so as thy Horse, if it had been *sound*, could have pleased but *One*, with this *lame Horse* thou shalt please half a Dozen.

125. The Emperor *Augustus* being shewn a young *Grecian*, who very much resembled him, asked the young Man if his *Mother* had not been at *Rome*? No, Sir, answer'd the *Grecian*, but my *Father* has.

126. *Cato*, the Censor, being ask'd, How it come to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the Common-Wealth ? I had rather, said he, have this Question asked, than *Why I had one?*

127. A Lady coming into a Room hastily, with her Mantua, brush'd down a Cremona Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it, upon which, a Gentleman that was present, burst into this Exclamation from *Virgil*.

Mantua vœ misera nimium Vicina Cremona.

Ab miserable Mantua, too near a Neighbour to Cremona.

128. A devout Gentleman, being very earnest in his Prayers, in the Church, it happehed that a Pick-Pocket being near him, stole away his Watch ; who having ended his Prayers, miss'd it, and complain'd to his Friend, that his Watch was lost while he was at Prayers, to which his Friend replied, *Had you watch'd as well as pray'd, your Watch had been secure* ; adding these following Lines :

*He that a Watch will wear, this must be do,
Packet his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

129. *George Ch——n*, who was always accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady one Day, What it was a Clock ? She told him her Watch stood : I don't wonder at that, Madam, said he, when it is so near your—

130. A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Insufficiency, and being in the Court, she humbly desired of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for Modesty's Sake : The Judge gave her that Liberty, and a Clerk was immediately ordered to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper ; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she would write. Says the Clerk to her, Madam, there is no Ink in your Pen. Truly, Sir, says she, that's just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any farther.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 27

131. A Lieutenant Colonel to one of the *Irish Regiments* in the *French Service*, being dispatched by the Duke of Berwick, from *Fort Kehl*, to the King of France, with a Complaint relating to some Irregularities that had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty, with some Emotion of Mind, told him, That the *Irish Troops* gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides. Sir, says the Officer, all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.

132. Mr. G——n, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman, who had just receiv'd a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go home with all Haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaster; the Patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger?* Yes, indeed is there, answered the Surgeon, for if the Fellow don't set up a good Pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.

133. Not many Years ago, a certain Temporal Peer having, in a most pathetic and elegant Speech, exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Impurations unjustly laid upon them: A Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as the Length of the Speech, desir'd to know when the noble Lord would leave of Preaching? The other answer'd, The very Day he was made a Bishop.

134. It chanc'd that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea, that all despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars: Oh! said he, that I could but see but two Stars, or but one of the Two; and of these Words he made so frequent Repetition, that, disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one ask'd him, What two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he replied, *O! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

135. A Country Fellow, subpoena'd for a Witness upon a Trial on an Action of Defamation, he being sworn, the Judge bade him repeat the very same Words he had heard spoken: The Fellow was loth to speak,

28 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

but humm'd and haw'd for a good Space ; but being urg'd by the Judge, he at last spoke. *My Lord*, said he, *you're a Cuckold*: The Judge, seeing the People begin to laugh, called to him, and bad him speak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them*.

136. A Courtier, who was a Confident in the Amours of *Henry IV. of France*, obtain'd a Grant from the King, for the Dispatch whereof he applied himself to the Lord High Chancellor ; who finding some Obstacle in it, the Courtier still infisted upon it, and would not allow of any Impediment. *Que chacun se mêle de son Metier*, said the Chancellor to him : that is, *Let every one meddle with his own Business*. The Courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping ; My Employments, said he, is such, that, if the King were twenty Years younger, I would not exchange it for three of your's.

137. A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you prove with Child ? O ! very well, said she, for I'm to be married To-morrow.

138. A Gentleman saying one Day at Table, that he could not endure a Breast of Mutton : You said so the other Day, cried another, of a Breast of Veal. Very true, answer'd the First, I do not love the Breast of any Thing but of a Woman, and that goes against my Stomach.

139. A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard ; For who knows, said he, but it may bear the same Fruit.

140. A Gentlewoman, who thought her Servants always cheated her when they went to *Billinggate* to buy Fish, was resolved to go thither one Day herself ; and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-Wife about half what she ask'd. Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stol'd it to sell at that Price, but you shall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands look so white.

Nothing, good Woman, answered the Gentlewoman, but wear *Dog Skin Gloves*. D——mn you for a lying B——th, reply'd the other, my Husband has wore *Dog-Skin Breeches* these ten Years, and his A——se is as brown as a Nutmeg.

141. Dr. Heylin, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happened one Day to lose his Way going to *Oxford*, in the Forest of *Whichwood*, being then attended by one of his Brother's Men; the Man earnestly intreated him to lead the Way; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it: *How*, said the Fellow, *that's very strange, that you, who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood.*

142. Monsieur *Vaugelas* having obtained a Pension from the French King, by the Interest of Cardinal *Richelieu*, the Cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the Word *Pension* in his Dictionary. No, my Lord, said *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude*.

143. A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being asked, Why he did not weep with the rest? O! said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

144. A Gentlewoman growing big with Child, who had two Gallants, one of them with a Wooden Leg, the Question was put, which of the two should Father the Child. He who had a Wooden Leg offered to decide it thus: *If the Child, said he, comes into the World with a Wooden Leg I will Father it, if not, it must be your's.*

145. A Gentleman who had been out a Shooting, brought home a small Bird with him, and having an *Irish Servant*, he ask'd him, If he had shot that little Bird? Yes, he told him. Arrah! by my Shoul, Honey, replied the *Irishman*, it was not worth Powder and Shot, for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.

146. The same *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, he observed that some of the Fish moved after they were gutted and put in the Pan, which very much surprizing Teague; Well, now, faith, said he, of all the Christian Creatures that

30 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

ever I saw, this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead.

147. A Gentleman happening to turn up against a Houſe to make Water, did not ſee two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by him, 'till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked, What made them ſo merry? O! Lord, Sir, ſaid one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

148. A Gentleman hearing a Parſon preach upon the Story of the Children being devoured by the two *She Bears*, who reviled the old Man, and not much liking his Sermon, ſome Time after ſeeing the ſame Parſon come into the Pulpit to preach at another Church: O ho! ſaid he, What are you here with your Bears again?

149. A young Fellow riding down a ſteep Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the Bottom. Ay, ay, anſwer'd the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse funk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, ſpur, curse and ſwear. Why thou Whoreſon Rascal, ſaid he to the Ditcher, didſt thou not tell me it was hard at Bottom? Ay, reply'd the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

150. It was ſaid of one who remembered every Thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that he had lost half his Memory.

151. One speaking of *Titus Oati*, ſaid, He was a Villain in *Grain*, and deserved to be well brifed.

152. It was laid of *Henry Duke of Guise*, that he was the greatest Usurer in all France; for he had turned all his Estate into Obligations; meaning he had ſold and mortgaged his Patrimony, to make Presents to other Men.

153. An *Engliſhman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living; ſaid the *Welchman*, There is ſuch noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner: Ay, anſwered the *Engliſhman*, that was because every Man toasted his own Cheeſe.

154. The late Sir Godfrey Kneller, had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *Jervais*, the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, That there was Mr. *Jervais* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and Four. Ay, said Sir Godfrey, if his Horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again.

155. Some Women speaking of the Pains of Child-birth, For my Part, said one of them, it is less Trouble to me than to swallow a poach'd Egg: Then, sure, Madam, answered another, your *Throat* is very narrow.

156. A Gentleman asked *Nanny Rockford*, Why the *Whigs* in their Mourning for Queen *Anne*, all wore Silk Stockings? Because, said she, the *Tories* were worried.

157. A Counsellor pleading at the Bar with Spectacles on, who was blind with one Eye, said, He would produce nothing but what was *ad Rem*. Then said one of the adverse Party: You must take out one of the *Glasses* of your Spectacles, which I am sure is of no Use.

158. The famous *Tom Thynn*, who was remarkable for his good Housekeeping and Hospitality, standing one Day at his Gate in the Country, a Beggar coming up to him, cry'd, He begg'd his Worship would give him a Mug of his Small Beer. Why how now, said he, what Times are these! when Beggars must be Choosers. I say, Bring this Fellow a Mug of Strong Beer.

159. It was said of a Person, who always eat at other Peoples Tables, and was a great *Railer*, that he never opened his Mouth but to some Body's Cost.

160. Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatched, so that the Sun came in at many Places of it, would himself make a Jest of his Birth, and say, *That he was, Nato di Casa illustre, Son of an illustrious House.*

161. *Diogenes* begging, as was the Custom among many Philosophers, asked a prodigal Man for more than any one else: Whereupon one said to him, *I for your Business; that when you find a liberal Mind, you will take the most of him.* No, said *Diogenes*, but I mean to beg of the rest again.

162. A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, I believe I command more than any Man, for before my Servant will obey in one Thing, I must command him ten Times over.

163. A poor Fellow that was carrying to Execution had a Reprieve just as he came to the Gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him, He was a happy Fellow, and asked him, if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before-hand? No, replied the Fellow, nor thought any more of it, than I did of my Dying-Day.

164. A Spanish Lady reading in a French Romance, a long Conversation betwixt two Lovers; *What a deal of Wit, said she, is here thrown away, when two Lovers are got together by themselves, and No Body by?*

165. Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting in the Street, one asked the other, How the Devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff and made the Brooms himself? Why, you silly Dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made.

166. A Welchman admiring the stately Fabric of St. Paul's, asked, Whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond Sea?

167. *Fabricius, the Roman Consul, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King Pyrrhus made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to Pyrrhus with these memorable Words: Learn, O King! to make a better Choice both of thy Friends, and of thy Foes.*

168. A Lady who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him, When he designed to leave off Gaming? When you cease Loving, said he. Then, replied the Lady, you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.

169. A Soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar of the Wounds he had received in his Face. Cæsar knowing him to be a Coward, told him, He had best take Heed, the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.

170. The *Trojans* sending Ambassadors to condole with *Tiberius*, upon the Death of his Father-in-law *Augustus*, it was so long after, that the Emperor hardly thought it a Compliment; but told them he was likewise sorry, that they had lost so valiant a Knight as *Hector*, who was slain above a thousand Years ago.

171. *Cato Major* used to say, *That wise Men learnt more from Fools, than Fools from wise Men.*

172. A *Braggadocio* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was asked by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of. It is got, said he, *all into my Heels.*

173. Somebody asked my Lord *Bacon* what he thought of Poets. Why, said he, I think them the very best Writers next to those who write in Prose.

174. A profligate young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desired Leave to toast the Devil. The Gentleman who sat next him, said, He had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.

175. A *Scotsman* was very angry with an *English Gentleman*, who, he said, had abused him, and called him *false Scot*. Indeed, said the *Englishman*, I said no such Thing, but that you were a *true Scot*.

176. C——ll, the Bookseller, being under Examination, at the Bar of the House of Lords, for publishing the Posthumous Works of the late Duke of Buckingham, without Leave of the Family, told their Lordships in his Defence, *That if the Duke was living he was sure he would readily pardon the Offence.*

177. A Gentleman said of a young Wench, who constantly ply'd about the Temple, that if she had as much Law in her Head, as she had had in her Tail, she would be one of the ablest *Counsel in England.*

178. Mr. E——ll——s, the Painter, having finished a very good Picture of *Fig*, the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson*, the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. E——ll——s designed to have a Metzo-tinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under

der it. Then, said old *Johnson*, I'll give you one: *A Fig for the Irish.*

179. Some Gentlemen going into a Bawdy-House Tavern at Charing-Cross, found great Fault with the Wine, and sending for the Master of the House, told him, It was sad Stuff and very weak. It may be so, said he, for my Trade don't depend upon the Strength of my Wine, but on that of my Tables and Chairs.

180. A Gentleman coming to an Inn in Smithfield and seeing the Hostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was? I'se Yerksire, said the Fellow, an ha lived Sixteen Years here. I wonder, replied the Gentleman, that in so long a Time so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Ay, said the Hostler, but Maister's Yerksire too.

181. The late Colonel *Chartres* reflecting on his ill Life and Character, told a certain Nobleman, That if such a Thing as a good Name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 Pounds for one. The Nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so, said the honest Colonel? Because, answered the Lord, you would forfeit it again in less than a Week.

182. A seedy [poor] half-pay Captain who was much given to blabbing every Thing he heard, was told, There was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was, where he lodged.

183. *Jack M——n*, going one Day into the Apartments at St. James's, found a Lady of his Acquaintance sitting in one of the Windows, who very courteously asked him to sit down by her, telling him there was a Place. No, Madam, said he, I don't come to Court for a Place.

If the gentle Reader should have a Desire to repeat this Story, let him not make the same Blunder that a certain *English-Irish* foolish Lord did, who made the Lady ask *Jack* to sit down by her, telling him there was Room.

184. A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take Coach if it rained for fear of wetting them: But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet, and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered; he said, He had obey'd his Orders. How then, answer'd the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I knew my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode bebind as I always used to do.*

185. Tom Warner, the late Publisher of News Papers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending her Maid to enquire how he did; he bid the Girl tell her Mistress, That he hoped he was going to the *New Jerusalem*. Ah, dear Sir, said she, *I dare say the Air of Islington would do you more good.*

186. A Person said, The *Scotch* were certainly the best trained up for Soldiers of any People in the World, for they began to handle their Arms almost as soon as they were born.

187. A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the Trial, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance? *I cry'd out, and please you, my Lord.* Ay, said one of the Witnesses, *but that was Nine Months after.*

188. A young Lady, who had been married but a short Time, seeing her Husband going to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself. No, my Dear, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

189. The Deputies of *Rochef*, attending to speak with Henry the Fourth of *France*, met with a Physician who had renounced the Protestant Religion, and embraced the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies he advised them to change their Religion too, *For it is a dangerous Symptom, says he, that your Religion is not long liv'd when a Physician has given it over.*

190. A Frenchman travelling between Dover and London, came into an Inn to lodge, where the Host perceiving him a close-fisted Cur, having called for nothing but a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread to eat with a Sallad he had gathered by the Way, resolved to fit him for it, therefore seemingly paid him an extraordinary Respect, laid him a clean Cloth for Supper, and complimented him with the best Bed in the House. In the Morning he sat a good Sallad before him, with cold Meat, Butter, &c. which provoked the Monsieur to the Generosity of calling for half a Pint of Wine; then coming to pay, the Host gave him a Bill, which for the best Bed, Wine, Sallad, and other Appurtenances, he had enhanced to the Value of Twenty Shillings. *Vat you mean*, says the Frenchman, *Jernig Twenty Shillings!* *Vat you mean!* But all his spluttering was in vain, for the Host, with a great deal of Tavern-Elocution, made him sensible that nothing could be bated. The Monsieur therefore seeing no Remedy but Patience, seemed to pay it chearfully. After which, he told the Host, that his House being so extremely troubled with Rats, he could give him a Receipt to drive 'em away, so as they should never return again. The Host being very desirous to be rid of those troublesome Guests, who were every Day doing him one Mischief or other, at length concluded to give Monsieur Twenty Shillings for a Receipt; which done, *By Gar*, says the Monsieur, *you make a de Rat one such Bill as you make me, and if ever dey trouble your House again me will be hang*.

191. A Westminster Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house, Charing-Cross, the Driver demanded Eighteen-pence as his Fare. The Justice asked him, if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money. The Man said, He would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I'm a Magistrate*; and pulling a Book out of his Pocket, administred the Oath, and then gave the Fellow Six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit*.

192. A Countryman passing along the Strand, saw a Coach overturn'd; and asking what the Matter was, he was

was told, That three or four Members of Parliament were over-turned in that Coach. Oh, says he, there let them lie, my Father always advised me not to meddle with State Affairs.

193. One saying, 'That Mr. Dennis was an excellent Critick, was answered, That indeed his Writings were much to be valued; for that by his Criticism he taught Men how to write well; and by his Poetry shew'd them what it was to write ill; so that the World was sure to edify by him.'

194. One going to see a Friend who had laid a considerable Time in the Marshalsea Prison in a starving Condition, was persuading him, rather than run the Hazard of lying again in that miserable Way, if he should get discharged, to go to Sea; which not agreeing with his high Spirtt; *I thank you for your Advice,* replied the Prisoner, *but if I do go to Sea I am resolv'd it shall be upon good Ground.*

195. The late Earl of S—— kept an Irish Footman, who perhaps was as expert in making Bulls as the most Learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge, the Judge in Return, sent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges, with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon Teague's Back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the Basket and open'd the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away, O! the Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad your gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter, Why Teague, said my Lord I find there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter for they are all *loss* out of the Basket.

196. The same Nobleman going out one Day, called Teague to the Side of his Chariot, and bade him tell Mr. Such-a-one, if he came, that he should be at home at Dinner. But when my Lord was got across the Square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and called to the Coachman to stop; upon which, my Lord, pulling the String, desired to know what Teague wanted; My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. Such-

*Such-a-one, if he came, that you would dine at home ;
But what must I say if he don't come ?*

197. A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quatern of Gin, to an Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. What a Pox, said the Fellow, will neither my own Word, nor the Word of God pass with you ?

198. A certain Justice of Peace, that was, not far from Clerkenwel, in the first Year of King George I. when the Fellow, whom he hired to officiate as his Clerk, was reading a Mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*. *Howe now, Sir, said-he,* with some Warmth, *and why not Georgio Domini, sure you forget yourself strangely.*

199. A little dastardly half-witted 'Squire, being once surprized by his Rival in his Mistress's Chamber, of whom he was sorely afraid, desired, for God's Sake, to be conceal'd ; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor indeed any Place proper to hold him, but an India Chest the Lady put her Cloaths in, they lock'd him in there. His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, Rather than fail, he cou'd creep under the Maid's Petticoats. *Ob, you silly Dog,* says his Master, *that's the commonest Place in the House.*

200. The Lord N——ib and G——y, being once at an Assembly at the *Theatre-Royal* in the *Hay-Market*, was pleas'd to tell Mr. H——d——gg——r, he would make him a Present of 100*l.* if he would produce an uglier Face in the whole Kingdom than his, the said H——d——gg——r's, within a Year and a Day. Mr. H——d——gg——r went instantly and fetch'd a Looking-Glass, and presenting it to his Lordship, said *He did not doubt but his Lordship had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

201. A young Fellow praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance of his ; after having run through most of her Charms, he came, at length to her Majestick Gate, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist : Hold, says his Friend, go no lower if you love me. But, by your Leave, says the other, I hope to go lower if the loves me.

202. The old Lord Strangford taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine: Here Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho-ho-ho-hounds to *Fra-Fra-France*, (for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech) and have a Ho-ho-hogshead of Wine for them: What do you say to that Doctor? Why, reply'd he, I say, that your Lordship has your Wine *Dog-cheap*.

203. The famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious Memory, having borrowed on Note the Sum of Five Pounds, and failing in Payment, the Gentleman who had lent the Money, took Occasion indiscreetly to talk of it, in the public Coffee house, which oblig'd *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman, a little tender in Point of Courage, offered him the Note to make the Matter up; to which our Hero readily consented, and had the Note delivered. But now, said the Gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight Scratch, and say, we wounded one another. With all my Heart, says *Jack*; Come, I'll wound you first; so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, 'till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound tied up with a Handkerchief; Come, says the Gentleman, now where shall I wound you? *Jack* putting himself in a fighting Posture, cried, Where you can, B——d, Sir. Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this Wound of you, and so march'd off contentedly.

204. In Eighty Eight, when Queen *Elizabeth* went from Temple-Bar along Fleet-street, on some Procession, the Lawyers were ranged on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer, that stood next him, Do but observe the Courtiers; if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law.

205. Some Gentlemen having a Hare for Supper at the Tavern, the Cook, instead of a Pudding, had cramm'd the Belly full of *Thyme*, but had not above half roasted the Hare, the Legs being almost raw; which

One of the Company observing, said, There was too much Thyme, [Time,] in the Belly, and too little in the Legs.

206. Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in Drury Lane, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle-Gallery; the first Musick play'd, which they liked well enough; then the Second and Third to their great Satisfaction: At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other, *Come Hodge, let's be going, ma'hap the Gentlemen are talking about Busines.*

207. Two inseparable Comrades in the Guards in Flanders, had every Thing in common between them. One of them being an extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-Bearer, which yet he gain'd little by, for the former would, at Night, frequently pick his Pocket to the last Stiver; to prevent which, he bethought himself of a Stratagem; and coming among his Companions the next Day, he told them, He had bit his Comrade. *Ay, howe?* said they, *Why,* reply'd he, *I bid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I was sure he would never look for it there.*

208. The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a Village where he buried a pretty many of his Men; at length the Parson refused to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told Captain Rooke, he ordered six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrassed the Priest, that he sent the Captain Word; *If he would fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and all his Company for nothing.*

209. A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be begun: And as he was one Day overlooking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by, *Well, Doctor, said he, for all your great Pains and Charity,*

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 41

I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven. Very true, my Lord, replied the Doctor, for if it had, I shou'd have wondered to have met your Lordship here.

210. Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told 'em one of his own: That at St. Alban's there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserv'd for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine should eat out of it, he wou'd instantly die. The Jesuits, hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. Alban's, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story. Look ye therto now, said he, you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.

211. A Welchman and an Englishman vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries; the Englishman said, There was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so fertile, that if a Kibes was thrown in over Night, it would be so cover'd with Grafs that it would be difficult to find it the next Day. Splut, says the Welchman, What's that? There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.

212. A Country Fellow in Charles the Ild's Time, selling his Load of Hay in the Haymarket, two Gentlemen, who came out of the Blue-Poats, were talking of Affairs, one said, That Things did not go right, the King had been at the House and prorogued the Parliament. The Countryman coming Home, was asked, What News in London? Odd'sheart, said he, there's something to do there; the King has, it seems, berogued the Parliament sadly.

213. A wild young Gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young Lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead, and had been buried: In the mean Time, she had so placed herself in Disguise,

as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant Man he always had been, she appeared to him, as the Ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized; a Person by said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.* Ay, replied he, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than of a dead one.

214. An under Officer of the Customs at the Port of Liverpool, running heedlessly along a Ship's Gunnel, happened to tip over Board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body: One of the Jury-men returning home, was called to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd, What Verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de sé?* Ay, ay, says the Jury-man, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

215. One losing a Bag of Money of about 50/. between the Temple-Gate and Temple-Bar, fix'd a Paper up, offering 10/. Reward to those who took it up and should return it: Upon which, the Person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

216. Two Brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime; the Eldest was first turn'd off, without saying one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him, *Good People, says he, my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you'll see a Pair of Spectacles.*

217. It was an usual Saying of King Charles II. That Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses. The following Story is somewhat an Instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on Pay-day, desired to borrow Twenty Shillings of him. The monied Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half-Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again, but then an impudent Crown-piece was as officious as its Half Brother had been, and again

again interrupted the Tale; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, Here, Jack, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid, what a Pox signifies counting it.

218. A Person enquiring what became of *Such a one?* Oh! dear, says one of the Company, poor Fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the Parish. Died *insolvent*, cries another, that's a Lie, for he died in *England*; I'm sure I was at his Burying.

219. A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn, in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stor'd his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little Time the latter came to him, and concientiously expostulated with him upon laying out his Money so fruitlessly. Pray, *Neighbour*, says he, ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I'll set mine o'Fire.

220. An *Irishman* whom King Charles II. had some Esteem for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, one Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty ask'd him, How his Wife did, who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* in her Backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, reply'd Teague, she's like to do well, but the Surgeon says, it will be an Eye-sore as long as she lives.

221. A young Gentlewoman who had married a very wild Spark, that had run throj a plentiful Fortune and was reduced to some Straights, was innocently saying to him one Day, My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly D——me, Madam, replies he, How can that be, when we make so many every Day?

222. A Fellow once standing in the Pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasioned a Stop to charge a Cartman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass, and driving just up to the Pillory, he ask'd, What that was there was wrote over the Person's Head: They told him it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ay, said he, What is *Forgery*? They answered him, That *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with Intent to cheat People: To which the Cart-

44 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

man replied, looking up at the Offender, Oh ! Pox ! this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.

223. Master *Johnny* sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chamber-maid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like, took the Liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip went farther than he should have done : At which, the poor Creature blushing, cried, Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else. Ay, Child, said he, and I'll fling two at your Tail if you do.

224. When the Prince of Orange came over, at the Time of the Revolution, Five of the Seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower, declared for his Highness, and the two others would not come into Measures ; upon which, Mr. Dryden said, That the Seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be assay'd in the Tower, and five of them proved Prince's Metal.

225. A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he run the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat and kill'd him. The Owner coming out saw'd extreamly that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert ? So I would, says he, if he had run at me with his Tail.

226. King Charles II. being in Company with the Lord Rochester, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults ! No, Faith, says Killigrew, I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.

227. A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him. Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a Fit ; on his Recovery the Doctor offered the Chalice to him. ——
indeed, cries he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shillings upon't ; I can't upon my Word.

228. A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to allay his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having —
one

one Time or other, promised to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, Now, Madam, says he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worship and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your Mind's every running on your Belly. No, says he, 'tis sometimes running o' your's you see.

229. One, who had been a very termagant Wife, lying on her Death-bed, desired her Husband, That as she had brought him a Fortune, she might have Liberty to make her Will, for bestowing a few Legacies to her Relations. No, by G——d, Madam, says he, You had your Will all your Life-time, and now I'll have mine.

230. When the Lord Jefferies, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, pushed the Matter very home on the Side he swore off. Jefferies, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather-Doublent, what have you for Swearing? To which the Countryman smartly reply'd, Faith, Sir, if you had no more for Lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather-Doublent too.

231. The same Jefferies afterwards, on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that, he suppos'd he had a Conscience as long as his Beard. Does your Lordship, replied the old Man, measure Consciences by Beards? If so, your Lordship has no Beard at all.

232. Apelles, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of Alexander the Great on Horseback, brought it and presented it to that Prince; but he, not bestowing that Praise on it which so excellent a Piece deserved, Apelles desired a Living Horse might be brought; who, moved by Nature, fell a Prancing and Neighing, as tho' it had been actually a living Creature of the same Species; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, That his Horse understood Painting better than himself.

233. An old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, and being terribly afraid of Cuckoldom, took her to Task one Day, and asked her, If she had considered what a crying Sin it was in a Woman to cuckold her Husband? Lord, my Dear, said she, what do

do you mean? I never had such a Thing in my Head, nor ever will. No, no, replied he, I shall have it in my Head, you'll have it somewhere else.

234. The Lord Dorset, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop, Why he conferred Orders on so many Blockheads? Oh, my Lord said he, it is better the Ground should be ploughed by Asses, than lie quite untill'd.

235. A certain Lady, to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of hers, Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Fellow has got a Key to it!

236. Mr. Dryden, once at Dinner, being offered, by a Lady, the Rump of a Fowl, and refusing it, the Lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the Rump is the best Part of the Fowl. Yes, Madam, says he, and so I think it is of the Fair.

237. A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail Shot; one of which, mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer running in; who cried, D'ye call, Gentlemen? Call, Gentlemen, says one of the Standers by, no, they don't call, Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogues and Rascals, as fast as they can.

238. An amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a married Woman, Pray, Sir, be quiet, said she, I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold. No, Madam, replied he, but you will, I hope.

239. One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution; said to his Friend, Pruebe, let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's bent upon it.

240. Bully Dawson was overturned in a Hackney-Coach once, pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, 'Twas the greatest Piece

Piece of Providence that ever befell him, for it had saved him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

241. A vigorous young Officer, who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. Heyday, said she, what do you fight after the French Way; take Towns before you declare War? No faith, Widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far, as to be in the Middle of the Country before you could resist me.

242. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe had a Garden in common, but with one Gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nailed-up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, He did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, Will, replied he, I can take that or any Thing but Physic, from my good Friend Dr. Ratcliffe.

243. The same Physician who was not the bumblest Man in the World, being sent for by Sir Edward Somour, who was said to be one of the proudest, the Knight receiv'd him while he was dressing his Feet and picking his Toes, being at that Time troubled with a Diabetes, and upon the Doctor's entering the Room, accosted him in this Manner: So Quack, laid he, I'm a dead Man, for I piss sweet. Do you, replied the Doctor, then pristine piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnable; and so turning round on his Heel went out of the Room.

244. A certain worthy Gentleman having, among his Friends, the Nick-Name of *Bos*, which was a kind of Contraction of his real Name; when his late Majesty confer'd the Honour of Peerage upon him, a Pamphlet was soon after publish'd with many sarcastical Jokes upon him, and had this Part of a Line from *Hercace* as a Motto, viz.

Optat Epibippia Bos.

My Lord asked a Friend who could read Latin, What that meant? It is as much as to say, my Lord, said he, that you become Honours as a Sow does a Saddle. O! very fine! said my Lord. Soon after, another Friend coming

coming to see him, the Pamphlet was again spoken of. I would, said my Lord, give five hundred Pounds to know the Author of it. I don't know the Author of the Pamphlet, said his Friend, but I know who wrote the *Motto*. Ay, cried my Lord, prithee who was it? Horace, answered the other. How, replied his Lordship, a Dirty Dog! is that the Return he makes for all the Services I have done him and his Brother?

245. A wild Gentleman having picked up his own Wife, in Disguise, for a Mistress, the Man to keep his Master in Countenance, got to Bed to the Maid too. In the Morning, when the Thing was discovered, the Fellow was obliged, in Attonement for his Offence, to make the Girl amends by marrying her. Well, says he, little did my Master and I think last Night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.

246. One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, ask'd, What Estate she had? Oh, says another, a very good Estate in Tail.

247. In the great Dispute between *South* and *Sherlock*, the latter, who was a great Courtier, said, His Adver-fary reasoned well, but he bark'd like a Cur. To which the other replied, That Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as Barking.

248. Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young Women who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, If she would have him? Faith, no, John, says she, but you may have me if you will.

249. A Gentleman lying on his Death-Bed, called to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and said, Ah! Tom, I'm going a long rugged Journey, worse than ever you drove me. Oh, dear Sir, replied the Fellow, (he having been but an indifferent Master to him) ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down Hill.

250. An honest bluff Country Farmer meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, He was better fed than caught. Very

Very likely indeed, Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

251. A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child ; one said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replied she, *only he can't multiply*.

252. An arch Boy at a Table, where was a piping-hot Apple-Pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by asked him, Why he wept? Only, said he, because it is just come into my Remembrance that my poor Grandmother dy'd this Day Twelvemonth. Phoo, said the other, is that all? so whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathized with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneeze, asked him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you*, said he, *because you were not hang'd, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died*.

253. A Lady who had married a Gentleman, that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow upon me when I die. Oh, my Dear, replied he, that's a melancholic Subject, prithee don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she; come I'll begin,

Here lies Bid.

To which he answer'd,

Ab! I wifh she did.

254. A Cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had kill'd a Wild-Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree, upon which his Master call'd to him, and ask'd him, What he was afraid of, the Boar's Guts were out? *No Matter for that*, said he, *bis Teeth are in*.

255. One telling another that he had once so excellent a Gun that it went off immediately upon a Thief's coming into the House, altho' it wan't charged? How the Devil can that be? said the other. *Because*, said the

First, the Thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.

256. Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-Boy cried, Have a Light Gentleman? Light yourself to the Devil you Dog, says one of the Company. Bless you, Master, replied the Boy, we can find the Way in the Dark; Shall we light your Worship thither?

257. A Person was once try'd at *Kingston* before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for having two Wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief Evidence against him. After much calling for him, Word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. No, says his Lordship, why then all I can say is, Mr. *Unit* stands for a Cypher.

258. 'Tis certainly the most transcendent Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love, from an ador'd Mistres. A young Gentleman, after a very great Misfortune, came to his Mistres, and told her, He was reduced even to the want of Five Guineas. To which she replied, I am glad of it with all my Heart. Are you so, Madam, adds he, suspecting her Constancy; Pray, why so? Because, says she, I can furnish you with Five Thousand.

259. On a publick Night of Rejoicing, when Bonfires and Illuminations were made, some honest Fellows were drinking the King's Health and Prosperity to *England*, as long as the Sun and Moon endured. Ay, says one, and 500 Years after, for I have put both my Sons Apprentices to a Tallow-Chandler.

260. A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths; one said to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares. How so, said the Gentleman? Because, said the other, you have nothing left to take Care of.

261. Some Years ago, when his Majesty used to hunt frequently in *Richmond-Park*, it brought such Crowds of People thither, that Orders were given to admit none when the King was there himself, but the Servants of the

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 51

the Household. A fat Country Parson having, on one of those Days a strong Inclination to make one of the Company, Captain B——m, promised to introduce him; but coming to the Gate, the Keepers would have stopp'd him, by telling him, that none but the Household were admitted. Why, d——mn you, said the Captain, don't you know the Gentleman? He's his Majesty's Hunting Chaplain. Upon which, the Keepers asked Pardon, and suffer'd the reverend Gentleman to follow his Sport.

262. The learned Mr. Charles Barnard, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen Ann, being very severe upon Parsons having *Pluralities*, a reverend and worthy Divine heard him a good while with Patience, but at length took him up with this Question: *Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Barnard, rail thus at Pluralities, who have always so many Sine-Cures upon your Hands?*

263. Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his *Prophecies*, when, by his Solicitations and Compliance at Court, he got removed from a poor Welsh Bishoprick, to a rich English one. A reverend Dean of the Church said, *That he found his Brother Lloyd a Prophet with an F.**

264. A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employ'd an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surprized, on his coming to Town and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the honest Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was fair and reasonable: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, here is one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to Southwark, when none of my Business lay that Way: Pray what is the Meaning of that, Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carriers, that you sent me for a Present, out of the Country.

* *Most of the Clergy, follow this Spelling.*

52 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

265. A Gentleman going into a Meeting-House, and stumbling over one of the Forms that were set there, cry'd out in a Passion, *Who the Devil expected SET FORMS in a Meeting-House?*

266. My Lord Chief Justice Jefferiss had a Cause before him between a Jew that was Plaintiff, and a Christian Defendant. The latter pleaded, tho' the Debt was very just, that the Jew had no Right, by the Laws of England, to bring an Action. Well, says my Lord, have you any other Plea? No, my Lord, says he, I insist on this Plea. Do you, says my Lord, then let me tell you, you are the greater Jew of the two.

267. A Butcher in Smithfield, that lay on his Death-bed, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man John, he is a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. Oh! dear Husband, said she, if that's all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that Matter already.

268. A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, depriv'd his Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to basit his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses down also; at which the Host being surprized, enquired the Reason of his so doing. Nay, nothing, reply'd the Gentleman, but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down Stairs, I thought you had a Mind to sup below.

269. A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person asked him *What he had under his Cloak?* To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

270. When his late Majesty, in coming from Holland, happened to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the Captain of the Yacht cried to the Chaplain, in five Minutes more Doctor, we shall be with the Lord; *The Lord forbid,* answer'd the Doctor.

271. A Gentleman, who had been a great Traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful Things he had seen Abroad, that a Friend of his took Notice to him of his exposing himself as he did to all Companies, and ask'd him the Meaning of it? Why, said the Traveller, I have got such a Habit of Lying since I have been Abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye and when I speak Truth, and should be very much obliged to you if you would tread upon my Toe at any Time, when I am likely to give myself too much Liberty that Way: His Friend promised he would, and accordingly, not long after, being at a Tavern with him and other Company, when the Traveller was, among other strange Things, giving an Account of a Church he had seen in Italy, that was above two Miles long, he trod on his Toe, just as one of the Company had asked, How broad that same Church might be? Oh! said he, not above two Foot, upon which the Company bursting into a loud Laugh, Zounds, said he, if you had not trod on my Toe I should have made it as broad as it was long.

272. A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse riding between London and Hampstead, said to some Gentlemen, who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got. I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass. Why really, Sir, replied the Parson, the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Gentleman can hardly find one to ride if he had a Mind to do so.

273. A great deal of Company being at Dinner at a Gentleman's House, where a Silver Spoon was laid at the Side of every Plate, one of the Company watching for a convenient Opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his Pocket, but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the Gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the Button-Hole of his Bosom, which the Master of the House perceiving, asked him in Good-humour, What was his Fancy in that? Why, said he, I thought every

Man was to have one, because I saw that Gentleman, over-against me, put one in his Pocket.

274. The Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote Plays and Romances in King Charles the Second's Time, asked Bishop Wilkins, How she should get up to the World in the Moon, which he had discovered? for as the Journey must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through it without resting by the Way. *Ob! Madam,* said the Bishop, *your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, that you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

275. An old Man who had married a young Wife, complained to a Friend, how unhappy he had always been. *When I was young,* said he, *I went Abroad for Want of a Wife; and now I am old, my Wife goes Abroad for Want of a Husband.*

276. A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by Logick and Arithmetick, he could prove those two Fowls to be three. *Well, let us hear,* said the old Man. *Why this,* cried the Scholar *is one, and this continued he, is two; two and one, you know make Three.* Since you have made it out so well, answered the Father, your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself for your great Learning.

277. A young Spark dining at a Friend's House, and having promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon, but being oblig'd to stay and play at Cards, he sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whispered him, that when he came back, he might deliver his Answer before the Company aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman; accordingly away went the Servant; and being call'd in on his Return, Well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at home? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Man. And what said he, replied the Master? That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? Putting on his Hood and Mantel to go to the Play, Sir, said the Footman.

278. A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his Anfwer, for fear of incurring a Contempt. And why, said the Gentleman, is not my Anfwer put in? How should I draw your Anfwer, cried the Lawyer, 'till I know what you can swear? *Pox on your Scruples,* replied the Client, *pribber, do you do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Anfwer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

279. A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head, going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistrels of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps a Farmer; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you do Goody Such-a-one?* And I'll anfwer, *Thank you, Neighbour, how do you?* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do Mrs. Such-a-one?* I'll say, *Thank you.* O! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman. Then they'll say, *Your Servants, Madam,* but then I'll toss up my Head and say nothing. Upon the Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme, of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog and her Hinsband.

280. *Daniel Purcel*, who was a Nonjuror, was telling a Friend of his when King George the First landed at Greenwich, that he had a full View of him. Then, said his Friend, you know him by Sight? Yes, replied *Daniel*, *I think I know him, but I can't swear to him.*

281. An Englishman going into one of the French Ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large Dish of Soap with about half a Pound of Mutton in the Middle of it, began to pull off his Wigg, his Stocke, and then his Coat; at which, one of the Monsieurs, being much surprized, asked him, What he was going to do? Why, Monsieur, said

said he, *I mean to strip, that I may swim thro' this Ocean of Porridge, to yon little Island of Mutton.*

282. A Countryman driving an Ass by St. James's Gate one Day, which, being dull and restif, he was forced to beat it very much; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly: *O! dear Sir, said the Countryman, I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.*

283. A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, ask'd her, Who was the Father of it? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he get it, said the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, answer'd the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did not you cry out, said the Lady? *Indeed, Madam, replied the other, I made no Noise for fear of waking you.*

284. One Irishman meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old Acquaintance Patrick Murphy? *Arrah now, dear Honey, answered the other, poor Patty was condemned to be hang'd: But he saved his Life by dying in Prison.*

285. Another Irishman getting on a high mettled Horse, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his Companions called to him to stop him: *Arrah, Honey, cried he, how can I do that when I have got no Spurs.*

286. An honest Welsh Carpenter, coming out of Cardiganshire, got Work in Bristol, where in a few Months he had saved, besides his Expences, about *Twelve Shillings*; and with this prodigious Sum of Money, returning into his own Country, when he came upon Milk-Hill, he look'd back on the Town: *No! poor Pristow, said he, if one or two more of our Countrymen were to give our such another Shake as we has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed.*

287. It being asked in Company with my Lord C——d, whether the Piers of Westminster-Bridge, would be of Stone or Wood. *O! said my Lord, of Stone to be sure, for we have too many Wooden Piers [Peers] already at Westminster.*

288. When the late Lords L——c——re and Ca——g——n had a Rencounter in the Upper Park, the first coming home to his Lady, told her what had hap-

pened, and said, He was sure he was touched by my Lord C——n's Sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no Wound or Prick about him; upon which, the good Lady, searching very diligently, told him, *She saw but one, and that was a very small one at the Bottom of his Belly,*

289. One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, just before the Battle of Narva, that the Enemy was three to one; *I am glad to bear it, answered the King, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take Prisoners, and enough to run away.*

290. A poor ingenious Lad, who was a Servitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new Pair of Shoes when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes, upon which, being banter'd by some of his Companions, *Why should they not be capp'd, said he, I am sure they are FELLOWS.*

291. The Standers by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-Bed, told him, He should be carried to Church by four proper Fellows: *I thank ye, said he, but I had much rather go by myself.*

292. When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning Customers being at his Burial, and looking on the Grave, cried out, *This is a more lasting Button-Hole than any made by a Taylor.*

293. One ask'd a Painter how he could paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures and yet get such homely Children? *Because, said he, I make the first by Day-Light and the other in the Dark.*

294. A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will give, said he, Fifty Pounds to Five Taverns to drink to my Memory when I am dead: Ten Pounds to the Salutation for Courtiers; Ten Pounds to the Castle for Soldiers; Ten Pounds to the Mitre for Parsons; Ten Pounds to the Horn for Citizens; and Ten Pounds to the Devil for the Lawyers.

295. A Gentleman calling for Small Beer at another Gentleman's Table, finding it very bad, gave it the Servant again without drinking. What, said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? *It is not to be found*

found fault with, answered the other, for one should never speak ill of the dead.

296. Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being merry making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the Husbands, It is reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one : His Wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear? said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said. No, replied she, I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.

297. A certain Lord who had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, my Lord desired him to write a Copy of Verses on a Shrew. I cannot imagine, said the Parson, why your Lordship should want a Copy who have so good an Original.

298. A Parson in his Sermon having vehemently inveighed against Usury, and said, That lending Money upon Use was as great a Sin as wilful Murder, having some Time after an Occasion to borrow Twenty Pounds himself, and coming to one of his Parishioners with that Intent; the other asked him, If he would have him guilty of a Crime he had spoke so much against, and lend out Money upon Use. No, said the Parson, I would have you lend it gratis. Ay, replied the other; but in my Opinion, if lending Money upon Use be as bad as wilful Murder, lending it gratis can be little better than Felo de se.

299. A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, She had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. Nay then, Madam, replied the Gentleman, as Travellers, we may lyte together by Authority.

300. One ask'd his Friend, Why he, being so proper a Man himself, had married so small a Wife. Why Friend, said he, I thought you had known, that of all Evils we should choose the least.

301. A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. Oh, Madam, replied the Gallant, if you had that between your Legs,

Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more I dare say.

302. A Gentleman speaking of *Peggy Y——t*, the famous Courtezan, who has always an Abundance of fine Cloaths, said, *She was like a Squirrel, for she always covered her Back with her Tail.*

303. A Gentleman threatening to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by his Friend, who desired him to consider, for the Law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not consider, I'll go to Law. Right, said his Friend, for if you go to Law I am sure you don't consider.

304. A Man and his Wife being in Bed together, towards Morning, Madam pretending to be much out of Order, desired to lie on her Husband's Side; the good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle; about half an Hour after she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again, the good Man obliged her the second Time; but not content with this, a little while after she would needs change Places again: How can it be? said the Husband; Why can't you come the same Way you did before, answered the Wife. No, by my Troth, replied he, I would rather go Five Miles about.

305. A certain Lord would fain have persuaded a Desp'ndant on his Lordship to marry his cast off Mistress; for tho', said he, she has been a little used, when she has got a good Husband she may turn: Ay, but my Lord, replied the other, she has been so much used that I fear she is not worth turning.

306. One good Housewife, who was a notable Woman at turning and torturing her old Rags, was recommending her Dyer to another, as an excellent Fellow in his Way; That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great Drunkard, and beats his Wife and runs in every Body's Debt. What then, said the First, he may be never the worse Dyer for all these Things. No, answer'd the other, can you imagine so bad a Liver can die well!

307. A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect for

for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to jobe the Gentleman, and asked him, Why he would defile his Marriage Bed ? There was no Bed in the Cabin, answered the Gentleman, good Mr. Justice, for it was done in a Field.

308. One wished a young married Man Joy, for she heard his Wife was quick already, she told him, Ay, said he, quick indeed, for I have been married but Six Months, and she was brought to bed Yesterday.

309. A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of my Lord Torrington, having, in the Engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder, while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing ; one, standing by, ask'd him the Reason. Why, said he, I cannot help thinking of a Wish I have often made, that a certain Part about me was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.

310. A poor Fellow, who growing rich on a Sudden from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and taking great State upon him, was met one Day by one of his poor Acquaintance, who accosting him in a very humble Manner, but having no Notice taken of him, cried out, Nay, it is no great Wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.

311. A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with Design of robbing a Mulberry Tree, had not been long in it, before one of the Men and one of the Maids came just under the Place were he was, which made him lay as snug as he could 'till the Busines they came about was over : when the Chamber-Maid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before. Lord John, said she, now you have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with Child, who will take Care of it ? There's one above, replied John, I hope, will provide for it. Is there so, said the Countryman, but I'd have you to know that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, it shall be for one of my own begetting.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 61

312. *Marcus Livius*, who was Governor of *Tarentum* when *Hannibal* took it, being envious to see so much Honour done to *Fabius Maximus*, said one Day in open Senate, That it was himself, not *Fabius Maximus* that was the Cause of retaking the City of *Tarentum*. *Fabius* said, smilingly, *Indeed thou speakes Truth, for hadst thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

313. One asking another which Way a Man might use Tobacco to have any Benefit from it: *By setting up a Shop and selling it*, said he, *for certainly there is no Profit to be had from it any other Way.*

314. The same Wagg, an arch one to be sure, said, Taylors were like Wood-Cocks, for they got their Sustenance by their long Bills.

315. *Ben Jonson* being one Night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all other Discourse, with an Account of his Lands and his Tenements; at last, *Ben*, able to bear it on longer, said to him, What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us, where you have one Acre of Land I haveten Acres of Wit. *Have you so*, said the Countryman, good Mr. *Wiseacre*? This unexpected Repartee from the Clown, struck *Ben* quite mute for a Time. Why how now, *Ben*, said one of the Company, you seem to be quite flung? *I was never so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, replied he.

316. A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money: the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Didst tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away. Yes, Sir, answered the Boy; but he bade me tell you that *he was*.

317. A certain ancient Duchess having had a Present made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into her Stable-Yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a Mare brought to him: The Groom asking which? *Old Bess*, said she. Lord, Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpose; *Old Bess* is too old to be with Foal. No Matter

Matter for that, cry'd she, it will refresh the poor old Creature.

By this we may guess what her Grace thinks a Refreshment for a poor old Creature.

318. A smart Fellow, thinking to shew his Wit one Night at the Tavern, call'd to the Drawer, Her'e, Mercury, said he, take away that Bottle full of Emptiness. Said one of the Company, Do you speak that, Jack, of your own Head?

319. An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other Things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-Father's. Yes, said the other, and I have my Great-Grand-Father's Lands too.

320. A noisy talkative Spark, who had a handsome Place in the King's Revenue, more than he merited, was one Day holding an Argument with a Gentleman at a publick Coffee-house; the Controversy turned upon some Point of Government, and his Antagonist, who had somewhat galled him by the Strength of his Argument, referred him to such a Place in History, where he would find how much he was mistaken in the Disputer.

—Phoo, says he, d'ye think I've no other Business but to read Histories? —Faith, says the other, 'tis Pity you bad 'till you read more.

321. A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Servant to knock a Nail or two in his Study, the Fellow, after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, He hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink! says the Gentleman, there's a Pickled Herring for you, if that don't make you drink, I'll give you another.

322. A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: Prithee, where is the Wonder, said the other, if *she* had got me with Child you might have wonder'd indeed.

323. Alphonsus, King of Naples, had in his Court a Jester, who used to take Notice of the Follies of the great

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 63

great Men at Court; the King having a Moor in his Household, gave him him ten thousand Ducats, and sent him to the Levant, to buy Horses; which the Fool observing, clapt it presently in his Pocket Book. Soon after, the King, who used to divert himself with looking into this Book sometimes, called for it, and seeing his own Name there, ask'd the Meaning of it. Marry, said the Jester, because you have given your Money to one whom you are never like to see again; But if he does come back again, said the King, and bring the Horses, what will you say then? *Why then, said he, I will blot out your Name and put in his.*

324. A Sharper of the Town seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said, Do you smoke, Sir? Yes, said the Gentleman very gravely, *any one that has a Design upon me.* Which soon rid him of his new Acquaintance.

325. A certain Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry: For this Reason, his Wife was fain carefully to watch the Time of his coming home, and always have Dinner ready on the Table; one Day he surprized her, and she had only Time to set a Mefs of Broth ready for him; who soon, according to his Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maundering over his Broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. The good Wife seeing him in that spluttering Condition comforted him as follows: — *See what it is now, had you kept your Breath so cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

326. The same Woman taking up Dinner once on a Sunday, it happened that the Liquorish Plow-Boy, who lay under a strong and violent Temptation, pinch'd off the Corner of a Plumb Dumpling; which his Dame espying, in a great Rage, laid the Wooden Ladle over his Pate, saying, *Can't you stay, Sirrah, 'till your Better's are serv'd before you?* The Boy clapping his Hand to his Head, and seeing the Blood come, *'Tis very hard,* said

said he. So it is, Sirrah, said she, or it had not broke me my Ladle.

327. Three Gentlemen being at the Tavern, whose Names were *Moore*, *Strange* and *Wright*: Said the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange*! Yes, answer'd *Strange*, there is one *Moore*: Ay, said *Moore*, that's *Wright*.

328. A Scotch Bag-piper travelling to *Ireland* opened his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; no sooner had he said Grace, but three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, 'till his Provender was all gone. — At length he took up his Bag-pipes and began to play, at which the Wolves ran away. — *The Deel saw me*, said *Sawney*, *an I had ken'd ye low'd Music so, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner*.

329. *Metellus Nepos* asking *Cicero* the Roman Orator, in a scoffing Manner, Who was his Father? *Cicero* replied, *Thy Mother has made that Question harder for thee to answer*.

330. The Arch-Duke of *Austria* having been forced to raise the Siege of a Town called *Grave* in *Holland*, and to retreat privately in the Night: Queen *Elizabeth* said to his Secretary here, — *What, your Master is risen from the Grave without Sound of Trumpet*.

331. Soon after the Death of a great Officer, who was judg'd to have been no great Advancer of the King's Affairs: the King said to his Solicitor *Bacon*, who was Kinsman to that Lord. Now, *Bacon* tell me truly, What say you of your Cousin? Mr. *Bacon* answer'd — Since your Majesty charges me to speak, I'll deal plainly with you, and give you such a Character of him, as though I was to write his Story. — I do think he was no fit Counsellor to have made your Affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse. O my *Saul*, quoth the King, *in the first thou speakest like a true Man; and in the latter like a Kinsman*.

332. The same King, in one of his Progresses, asked How far it was to such a Town? They told him, Six Miles. Half an Hour after, he asked again; one said,

Six Miles and a Half. He alighted out of his Coach, and went under the Shoulder of one of the Led-Horses.

—When some ask'd his Majesty what he meant? *I must stalk, said he, you Town is sly and flies me.*

333. Lawyers and Chambermaids, said a wicked young Fellow, are like Balaam's Ass, *They never speak unless they see an Angel.*

334. One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going pretty quick along, he cry'd out to them, *Don't go so fast; What need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

335. A Country Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cry'd out; Where is this Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders, said the Lady.*

336. A Philosopher being ask'd, Why learned Men frequented rich Mens Houses, but rich Men seldom visited the Learned, — Answer'd, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

337. Among the Articles exhibited to King Henry by the Irish, against the Earl of Kildare, the last concluded thus. — *And finally, all Ireland cannot rule the Earl.* Then, said the King, *the Earl shall rule all Ireland:* And so made him Deputy.

338. Some Divines make Use of the Fathers and Councils, as Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Shew and Ornament. Is not one good Argument worth a thousand Citations? To quote St. Gregory, St. Austin, or any other Rubrick Saints, to prove any such important Truth as this; *That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess to be avoided,* is like sending for the Sheriff to come with his Posse-Commitatus, to disperse a few Boys that are robbing an Orchard.

339. Plutarch used to say of Men of small Capacities put into great Places, like some of our late Ambassadors, that they were like little Statues, set upon great Pillars, made to appear the less by their Advancement.

340. A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married; to convince him of it, the Gentleman who told him, said, He had seen the Bride and Bridegroom. Prithee, said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I cannot bear to hear them. — Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answer'd the other. Q.

66 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

No, for Heaven's Sake, reply'd the first, *that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

341. Some thievish Fellows being at a Tavern they agreed among themselves to steal the Silver Cup that was brought up to them; and when they were going by the Bar, *You are welcome, Gentlemen; kindly welcome,* cry'd my Landlord. *Ab!* said the Fellow with the Cup, to himself, *I wish we were well gone too.*

342. A Sea-Officer, who for his Courage in a former Engagement, where he had lost his Leg, had been prefer'd to the Command of a good Ship; in the Heat of the next Engagement, a Cannon-Ball took off his Wooden Deputy, so that he fell upon the Deck: A Seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for the Surgeon. *No, no,* said the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

343. A Gentleman saying he had bought the Stockings he had on, in Wales. *Really Sir,* answered another, *I thought so, for they seem to be Well-chosen, i.e. Welch-hose.*

344. A Nobleman, in a certain King's Reign, being appointed Groom of the Stole, his Majesty took Notice to him of the odd Sort of Perukes he used to wear, and desired he would now get something that was graver, and more suitable to his Age and the high Office he had conferred on him: The next Sunday his Lordship appeared at Court in a very decent Peruke, which being observed by another Nobleman, famous for the Art of Punning, he came up to him, and told him, that *he saw he was obliged to alter his Locks now he had got the* Key.*

345. Sir Robert Hanley having received a Commission constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fire-ship, was the same Evening passing home to his Lodgings, when a fine Madam meeting him in the Street, earnestly intreated the Favour of a Glass of Wine; the Baronet cursing

* *The Groom of the Stole wears a Gold Key tied with a blue Ribbon at his left Pocket.*

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 67

curſing her for a ſilly Whore, ſaid, *He was well content with one Fireſhip in one Day.*

346. A Gentleman named Ball being about to pur-chafe a Coroncy in a Regiment of Horfe, was preſent-ed to the Colonel for Approbation, who being an No-bleman, declared he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment. Nor Powder neither, ſays the Gentleman, *if your Loraffip could help it.*

347. Two Irlan-den having travelled on Foot from Chester to Barnet, were conſoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey, and the more ſo, when they were told they had ſtill about Ten Miles to London. By my Soul and St. Patrick, cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a-piece, let us e'en walk on.*

348. Young Fellows, ſaid a mettled Girl, are gene-rally in the Wrong, ſo very impudent that they are naueous, or ſo modeft that they are uileſis.

349. Married Women, ſaid one, uually ſhew all their Modesty the firſt Day, as married Men ſhew all their Love the firſt Night.

350. For a King to engage his People in a War, to carry off every little Humour in the State, is like a Physician's ordering his Patient to be fluxed for a Pum-ple.

351. A Waterman belonging to the Town, being put by one of the Players, into the Upper-Gallery in Covent-Garden Play-house, the Fellow, not being very sober and falling aſleep, tumbled into the Pit; but ha-ving the old Proverb on his Side, got little or no Hurt. And being told, by ſome of his Companions, that he was now free of the Houſe, he went to Mr. Rich to put in his Claim, who very readily allow'd it, with this Proviſo, *That he ſhould not go out the ſame Way as he did at this Time.*

352. A Country Fellow being ſent to a notorious Bawdy-Houſe, formerly in Saliſbury-Court, and having remembred to forget his Errand, when he came into the Neighbourhood he ſaid, He wanted a Bedfellow Woman, but had forgot her Name. —— Forgot her Name, ſaid one, then who the Devil ſhould tell you any thing of her? Now you name the Devil, ſaid the Fellow,

Fellow, you have brought it into my Head; 'tis the Sign of the Angel; Nay, answer'd another, if you had named the Devil at first, we had sent you thither.

353. An amorous young Fellow, who designed a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running in, and told them, Her Master was at the Door: 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get out thro' the Parlour-Window. No, no, replied the Girl, there are some Iron Bars there; but if you will run up thro' a Pair of Stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.

354. Mr. Pope being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting on him: The Duke asked him, Why he, that eat mostly at other Folk's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? 'Tis true, the Poet answer'd, he kept but one to laugh at him; but his Grace had the Honour to keep a Dozen.

355. An Irish Fellow vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, That when he came first to England, he made such a Figure, that the Bells rang thro' all the Towns he passed to London: Ay, said a Gentleman in Company, I suppose that was because you came up in a Wagon with a Bell-Team.

356. One meeting an old Acquaintance, who the World had frowned upon a little, asked him, Where he lived? Where I live, said he, I don't know: But I scarce down towards Wapping and that Way.

357. Two Country Attorneys overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to break a Joke upon him, asked him, Why his Fore-Horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Waggoner, knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answer'd them, That his Fore-Horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.

358. An old Bawd being carried before Justice M---- for keeping a disorderly House, strongly denied all that was charged upon her: Housewife! Housewife! said the Justice, how have you the Assurance to deny it; you do keep a Bawdy-House, and I will maintain it. Will you? reply'd the old Lady; the Lord bless you! I always heard you were a kind-hearted Gentleman.

359. In a Cause try'd at the King's-Bench-Bar, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Council, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, call'd out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper Nose: *Why, Sir, said he, by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper Nose for your Brazzen Face.*

360. A Gentleman in the Country who had three Daughters, discoursing one Evening on rural Affairs; and the Nature of Vegetation, asked one of his Daughters what Plant or Herb she thought grew the fastest? The young Lady reply'd, *Asparagus*; Then he asked the Second, she answer'd, *A Pompion or Gourd*; And when the same Question was put to the Youngest, she reply'd, *The Pummel of a Saddle*; which very much surprizing the old Gentleman, he desir'd to know what she meant, and how she could make it out: *Why, said she, when I was riding one Day behind our John, and the Ways being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cry'd, Miss, put your Hand about my Waist, and lay hold of the Pummel of the Saddle; and I am sure, Papa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my Finger, and in less than a Minute it was thicker than my Wrist.*

361. A Gentleman having received some Abuse in passing through one of the *Inns of Chancery*, from some of the impudent Clerks, he was advised to complain to the *Principal*, which he did accordingly, and coming before him accosted him in the following Manner; *Sir, I have been grossly abused here by some of the Rascals of this House; and understanding you are the Principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

362. An old Roundhead in Oliver's Time complaining of some heavy Rain that fell, said a Cavalier standing by, *What unreasonable Fellows you Roundheads are, who will neither be pleased when God rains, or when the King reigns.*

363. An old Cavalier told a great Rumper, that he saw his Master Oliver hang'd, and he stunk damably. *Ay, said the last, no doubt but he stunk after he had been dead*

70 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

dead so long, but he would have made you think if he had been alive.

364. A young Curate, with more Pertness than Wit or Learning, being asked, in Company, How he came to take it into his Head to enter into the Ministry of the Church? Because, said he, the Lord had need of me. That may be, reply'd a Gentleman present, for I have read that the Lord had once Need of an Ass.

365. A very ignorant but very foppish young Fellow going into a Bookseller's Shop with a Relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his Cousin look into a particular Book and smile, ask'd, What there was in that Book that made him smile? Why, answer'd the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Cousin Jack: Is it so, said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an Honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his Hand, he found it to be *Perkins's Catechism*, dedicated to all ignorant Persons.

366. There was a short Time when Mr. Handell, notwithstanding his great Merit, was deserted, and his Opera at the Hay-Market neglected almost by every Body but his M——y, for that of *Porpora* at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, at this Time another Nobleman asking the Earl of C——d, if he would go one Night to the Opera, my Lord ask'd, Which? O! to that in the Hay-Market, answered the other. No, my Lord, said the Earl, I have no Occasion for a private Audience of his M——y to Night.

367. A Gentleman asked the Publisher of this ingenious Performance, which I have called after the Name of my dear Friend, *Joe Miller's Jests*: Or, the *Wits Vade-mecum*. Why he would not send one of them to the Author of the *Champion*, who he believ'd would find it very proper for him? Why so said the other? Because, said the Gentleman, he has, with his usual Wit and Humour, christen'd it the *Fools Vade-mecum*.

368. A Fellow and a Wench being taken in comical Circumstances in a Pound, and brought before a Justice of Peace, but both averring their Innocence, the Justice called the Wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess she should go free for that Fact; upon which

which she owned the Truth, and the Fellow was sent to Prison : But upon taking her Leave, the Justice called the Wench back again, and asked her, What the Fellow gave her ? If it please your Worship, said she, Half a Crown. Truly Woman, answered he, that does not please me, and tho' for the Fact you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised; yet I must commit you for such Extortion, as taking Half a Crown in the Pound.

369. One was joking with a Lawyer for tarrying so long from his Wife upon the Circuit, saying, In his Absence she might want due Benevolence : I shall give her Use for that, answer'd the Lawyer, at my Return ; and put the Case any one owed you Fifty Pounds, would you not rather have it in a Lump, than Shilling by Shilling ? It is true, replied the other, most People would rather have their Money all together ; but yet it would vex you if your Wife should want a Shilling in your Absence, and be forced to borrow it.

370. A Drunken Fellow having sold all his Goods, to maintain himself at his Pot, except his Feather-Bed, at last made away with that too ; when being reproved for it by some of his Friends ; Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed.

371. An old Lady meeting a Cambridge Man, asked him, How her Nephew behaved himself ? Truly, Madam, said he, he's a brave Fellow, and sticks close to Katherine-Hall.* I vow, said she, I fear'd as much, he was always bantering after the Wenches from a Boy.

372. A Boy driving a Sow and Pigs along the Road, was met by a Gentleman riding by, who observing they were fine ones, ask'd the Boy, Whose Pigs they were ? The Sow's, reply'd the Boy — Ay, says the Gentleman, But whose Sow is it ? My Father's, says the Boy. — And, prithee, says the Gentleman, Who is thy Father ? If you please to look after my Sow and Pigs, replies the Boy, I'll go and ask my Mother.

373. A Gentleman being arrell'd for a pretty large Sum of Money, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often

* The Name of a College in that University.

ten profest'd great Friendship for him; to beg he would bail him ; the other told him, That he had made a Promise never to be Bail for any Body ; but with much Kindness said, I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.

374. In a Town were there had been a remarkable Slaughter of Maidenheads, and as great a Propagation of Horns, by a small Body of *Red Coats*, which had been quarter'd there ; one was saying, That he wonder'd why the Women were so fond of Soldiers ? Phoo, says another, I don't wonder at it ; the Gentlemen in *Red*, and their Brethren in *Black* have, for many Ages, been in Possession of the Sex ; the Latter, upon account of their Secrecy, and the other from the heroick Performances they may expect from them. In fine, adds he, *Women are like a Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a Piece of Red Cloth, and you infallibly take them.*

375. When King Charles the First was in great Anxiety about signing the Warrant for the Earl of Strafford's Execution, saying, It was next to Death to part with so able a Minister, and so loyal a Subject ; a certain Favourite of the King's standing by, soon resolv'd his Majesty, by telling him, *That in such an Exigence, a Man had better part with his Crutch than his Legs.*

376. A Complaint being made to the Court of Spain of a certain Viceroy of Mexico, the Secretary of State, who was his Friend, wrote him Word, That he was accused at Court of having extorted great Sums of Money from the People under his Government ; which, said the Secretary, *I hope in God is true, or else you are undone.*

377. Some rattling young Fellows from London putting into a Country Inn, seeing a plain rough hewn Farmer there ; says one of them, You shall see me dumbfound that Countryman : — So coming up to him, he gives his Hat a Twirl round, saying, *There's Half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The Farmer, after

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* *A Piece of Red Cloth, the common Bait for a Mackarel.*

recovering a little from his Surprise, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drabs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.*

378. One of the abovesaid rattling Blades having been once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, Whether he was in Earnest or not? Yes, Faith, said the other, in very good Earnest, laying his Hand on his Sword — *Say so,* reply'd he, *I'm glad of that with all my Heart, for I don't like such Jests.*

379. A Person being driven by a Shower of Rain, one Sunday Morning, into Chelsea College Chapel, the Minister was furiously inveighing against Covetousness. The Gentleman afterwards meeting the Parson, I fancy Doctor, said he, before your Congregation it would have been more edifying to have preach'd against Pil-striking and robbing of Hen-roofs.

380. A Poet going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one, who pretended to be a poor maim'd Soldier, begg'd his Charity. The Poet ask'd him, By what Authority he went a Begging? I have a Licence for it, answer'd the Soldier. *Licence, said the Poet! Lice thou may'st have, but Sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a Poet.*

381. At the Masquerade in the Hay-Market, one appearing in the Habit of a Bishop, another, for the Jeff's Sake, bow'd his Knee to ask Blessing. The former laying his Hand on his Head, very demurely said, *Prishes rise, there's nothing in't indeed, Friend.*

382. A certain humourous old Knight, nam'd Sir Sampson, thinking to recommend himself to the Favour of a fine young Lady, in the way of Marriage, said, in the Conclusion of his Compliments. — Od, Madam, we Sampsons were strong Dogs from the Beginning. Take care, Sir Sampson, reply'd the young Lady. — Remember the Strongest of your Name pull'd an old House o'er his Head.

383. A Parson thinking to banter an honest Quaker, ask'd him, Where his Religion was before George Fox's Time? Where thine was, says the Quaker before Har-

in Tudor's Time. Now thou hast been free with me, added the Quaker, prithee let me ask thee a Question.

— Where was Jacob going when he was turned of Ten Years of Age? Can't thou tell that? No, said the Parson, nor you neither, I believe. Yes, I can, replies the Quaker, he was going into his Eleventh Year; Was he not?

384. A Country Fellow that had served several Years in the Army Abroad, when the War was over, coming Home to his Friends, was receiv'd among 'em with great Rejoicing, who heard him with no small Pleasure, the miraculous Stories he related, — Well, says the old Father, and prithee, Jack, what didst learn there? Learn, Sir, why I learn to know, That when I turned my Shirt, the Lict had a Day's March to my Skin again.

385. The old Earl of B——d, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in Waiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King; assuring his Majesty he wou'd be back to wait on him before 12 o'Clock; there being great Occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquir'd for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time: At length he came, and going to the Clock in the Drawing-Room, found it almost One: at which, a little enrag'd, he up with his Cane, and broke the Glass of the Clock. The King ask'd him afterwards, What made him break the Clock? I am sure, says my Lord, your Majesty won't be angry when you hear: Prithee, said the King, what was it? Why, B——d, my Liege, the Clock struck for me.

386. *A*melia, says one, give her her Due; has the best Reputation of any young Woman in Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction: I grant you, replies another, her Virtue and Discretion are sufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any Thing but a Husband. How! a Husband, says the former. Yes, a Husband, answer'd the other, — I have known many a Woman make a Difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a Cuckold.

387. A Person having been put to great Shifts to get Money to support his Credit; some of his Creditors at length sent him Word, that they wou'd give him Trouble. *Pox,* says he, *I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need be troubled to pay it again.*

388. A Country Woman being sick, bequeath'd her Sow with Pig to the Parson; who thinking she would hardly recover, comes soon after and took the Sow away. The good Wife recovering, ask'd for her Sow, and being told, the Parson she had left her to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. *Bless us,* says she, *the Parson is worse than the Devil, for one may call upon him twenty Times to take me, before he'll do it; but I did but once bid the Parson take my Sow, and he fetch'd her immediately.*

389. Queen Elizabeth seeing a Gentleman in her Garden, who had not felt the Effect of her Majesty's Favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her Window, said to him in Italian, *What does a Man think of Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little Pause, he answer'd.—*He thinks, Madam, of a Woman's Promise.* The Queen shrunk in her Head; but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: Anger makes dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

390. A Lady, whose Beauty was very much on the Decline, having sent her Picture to a Gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her Chamber-maid, when she was going to dress her, take Care in repairing her Decays a little, or she shou'd not look like her Picture. *I warrant you, Madam,* says she, laying on the *Bavarian Red,* *a little Art once made your Picture like you, and now a little of the same Art shall make you like your Picture: Your Picture must fit to you.*

391. A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humourous, being on the Point of resigning herself into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on Conditions, that she expected should be observ'd after the Articles were sign'd and executed.—*Among the rest,* says she, *positively, I will lie a Bed as long as I please in a Morning: With all my Heart, Madam,* says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*

392. A termagant Sempstress coming to dun a young Fellow at his Lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his Landlady hear; she began to open her Quail Pipes at a great Rate; but was presently feis'd with a Fit of Coughing.—Lord, says she, I've got such a Cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak. Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my Money, or I'll take the Law of you.—Do, says he, then you'll be far'd to bold your Tongue, for the Law allows no Body to scold in their own Cause.

393. One who had married a light heel'd Wife, instead of an innocent Country Girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied, upon the Discovery, by his Acquaintance. Among the rest, a young Lady having been very severe with him, he called to her Lover, who was present, saying, Sir, take off your Wasp, I'll have a Fly-slap else:—You'll have Occasion for's, says she, your Wife has been blown upon.

394. Some Persons talking of a fine Lady that had many Suitors: Well, says one among them, you may talk of this great Man, and that great Man, of this Lord and t'other Knight; but I know a Fellow without a Foot of Estate, that will carry her before 'em all.—Phoo, Damme, that's impossible, says another, unless you mean her Coachman.

395. A Woman may learn one useful Hint from the Game of Back-Gammon, which is, not to take up her Man till she is sure of binding him.—Had poor M—d thought of this, when she had once gain'd her Point, she would never afterwards have made such a Blot in her Tables.

396. Count Gundamour, the Spanish Ambassador here, in Queen Elizabeth's Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord St. Albans, with whom he liv'd in no good Terms, wishing him a merry Easter. My Lord thank'd the Messenger, and said, He cou'd not requite the Count better, than by wishing him a good P A S S - O V E R.

397. A certain Philosopher, when he saw Men in a hurry to finish any Matter, us'd to say, Stay a little, that we may make an End the sooner.

Sir

398. Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of a passionate Man, who suppress'd his Anger, *that he thought worse than he spoke*; and of an angry Man, that wou'd vent his Passion in Words, *That he spoke worse than he thought*.

399. The same Gentleman us'd to say, that Power in an ill Man, was like the Power of a Witch, he cou'd do Harm, but no Good; as the Magicians, says he, Cou'd turn Water into Blood, but cou'd not turn Blood into Water again.

400. He was likewise wont to commend much the Advice of a plain old Man at Buxton, who sold Brooms. A proud lazy young Fellow came to him for a Beesom upon Trust, to whom the old Man said, *Friend, hast thou no Money? borrow of thy Back and of thy Belly, they'll ne'er ask thee for't; I shall be dunning thee every Day*.

401. When Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain that he had got him a very extraordinary Man: Ay, says the Captain, prithee what's he? *A Butcher, Sir*, replies the Serjeant, *and your Honour will have double Service of him, for we had two Sheep-Stealers in the Company before*.

402. A harmless Country Fellow having commenc'd a Suit against a Gentleman that had beat down his Fences, and spoil'd his Corn; when the Assizes grew near, his Adversary bri'b'd his only Evidence to keep out of the Way: Well, says the Fellow, I'm resolv'd I'll up to Town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his Landlord, who was an Attorney, prithee what Good will that do you, if the Man keeps out of the Way? *Why, Sir, says the poor Fellow, I have heard you say, the King cou'd make a Man APEER at any time*.

403. One speaking of an agreeable young Fellow, said, He had Wit enough to call his Good-nature in Question, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit suspected.

404. To what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it should be in the Power of a lac'd Coat and a Feather to recommend a Gallant to them: Taylors and Perriwig-makers, are become the Bawds of the Nation: That Fop that has not wherewithal, by Nature, to

78 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

move a Cookmaid, shall, by a little of their Assistance, be able to subdue a Countess.

405. A Lady seeing a tolerable pretty Fellow, who, by the Help of his Taylor and Sempstrels, had transform'd himself into a Beau, said — What Pity 'tis to see one, whom Nature has made no Fool, so industrious to pass for an Ass: Rather, says another, one should pity those, whom Nature abuses, than those who abuse Nature: *Besides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one half of its Diversion, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.*

406. Of all Coxcombs, the most intolerable in Conversation is your fighting Fool, and your opinionated Wit; the one is always talking to shew his Parts, and the other always quarrelling to shew his Valour.

407. In Oliver's Time, when People were married by a Justice of Peace: one giving a Reason for it, said, That none was so fit to marry others, as he, that by Virtue of his Office, was impower'd to lay People by the Heels.

408. When the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of Roquelaure; Stand farther off Roquelaure, for you stink. The Duke, replied, I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I.

409. One said of a fantastical Fellow, That he was the Follie of himself, bound up in his own Calves Leather, and gilt about the Edges.

410. A decay'd Gentleman coming to one who had been a Servant, to borrow Money of him, received a very scurvy Answer, concluded in the following Words: Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I've no Money to lend. I'm sure you lie, says the Gentleman, for if you was not rich you durst not be so saucy.

411. The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace: The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualified Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, it brings Repentance, which every Body knows is one Step towards Grace.

412. *of Stories of Jests, and such quo*

412. A Lady, who had a Mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow, she did not like, said. She could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very affiduous and submissive. 'Slise,' said her Friend, 'I'd spit in his Face.' Alas, reply'd she, that won't do, when Men are scrumming like Lap-Dogs they'll take that for a Favour.

413. An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord, and a good Estate, was just fallen, being a little harrass'd by Duns, bid his Steward tell 'em, That whilst he was a private Gentleman, he had Leisure to run in Debt, but being now advanced to a higher Brink, he was too busy to pay them.

414. A wild young Fellow who had spent his Fortune, being ask'd What he intended to do with himself? said, He design'd to go into the Army. How can that be, says one, you're a Jacobite, and can't take the Oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, That I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist. I ask your Pardon, replied the other, — *I did not know the Strength of your Conscience so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.*

415. An old Fellow having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employ'd her Chamber-maid in the Business. At the next Meeting, he enquired What Answer the Lady had sent him? Answer, said the Girl, why she has sent you this for a Token; (giving him a smart Slap in the Face) Ay, cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops, and you have lost none of it by the Way, *I thank you.*

416. A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, It was long of that drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep himself sober. — *With Respect to your Worship, says the Fellow* — I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

417. One said of a young Woman, whose Chastity was violently assaulted by a handsome young Fellow, That she was in as fair a way to be ruined, as a Boy was to be a Rogue, when he was first put Clerk to an Attorney.

418. A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astro-oger does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where it is published. — What

80 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

Stuff it is to preach against Usury towards St. James's, and Fornication in Lombard-street; no, invert the Tables, preach against Usury in the City, and Fornication at St. James's.

419. A certain *Irishman* making strong Love to a great Fortune, told her, *He could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

420. A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town, said, For all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense. Yes, says a pert young Female in the Company, *Country Sense. Why, Faith, Madam,* says the old Fellow, *Country Sense is better sometimes than London Impudence.*

421. A Thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord releas'd *Arsenus* out of Prison, and paid his Debts; this every one applauded as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that his Lordship lay every Night with *Arsenus's* Sister.

422. Give me a Man without a Fortune, said a sensible young Lady, rather than a Fortune without a Man.

423. I'll swear, says a Gentleman to his Mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, said she, so you'd say tho' you did not think so. *And so you'd think,* answered he, *though I should not say so.*

424. A Gentleman in King Charles the II^d's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court for a Place, and had had a thousand Promises, at length resolv'd to see the King himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd him for the Place just then vacant. The King hearing his Story, told him, he had just given the Place away. Upon which, the Gentleman made very low Obeisance to the King, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The King observing how over-thankful he was, call'd him again, and asked the Reason, Why he gave him such extraordinary Thanks when he denied his Suit? The rather, ain't please your Majesty, replied the Gentleman; your Courtiers have kept me waiting here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs; but your Majesty has sav'd me all that Trouble, and generously given
me

me my Answer at once. *Gads fishy Man*, says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

425. A merry drolling Fellow, who lived with a Lady that was just on the Point of Matrimony, being sent with a How-d'ye to an Acquaintance of her's, who lived a few Miles off, was ask'd, How his Lady did? *Ah! dear Madam*, replied the Fellow, *she can never live long in this Condition.*

426. 'Twas a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd, Where her Husband was, when he lay conceal'd for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, *She had bid him.* This Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but her discovering where her Lord was conceal'd, cou'd save her from the Torture. And will that do, says the Lady? Yes, says the King, I give you my Word for it. Then, says this, *I have bid him in my Heart; there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer char'm'd her Enemies.

427. A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman, to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be the more convenient for her, because his Concerns in the Country join'd to her's—*Ay, says the Lady, but his CONCERNs shall never join to meet in the City.*

428. An English Gentleman travelling to France, had made Choice of an Abbot, as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures: One of his Countrymen told him, *That though the Abbot and he differ'd about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

429. Two Persons quarrelling at a Tavern; after the Heat was a little over, one of them being straiten'd for a Conveniency to make Water, by being hemm'd in, said to his Antagonist.—*How shall I get by you? Get by me, said the other, Why, what a Fox did ever I get by you?*

430. A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little Thing as big as a Baxlard laid to him; one that was passing by, ask'd, What was the Matter? Only, says another, an old Gentle-

man is apprehended upon Suspicion of Mansblood. Mansblood, said the Former, What has he committed Murder? Quite contrary, replied t'other; He has committed Fornication and got a Subject, not kill'd one; evy man who I oylet. A pertulant self-will'd Coxcomb was threatening. His Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go away to France. Let him alone, says one, he'll come back from France before he gets half Way to Dover.

¶ 432. A Countryman in the Street enquiring the Way to Newgate, an arch Fellow that heard him said, I tell shew him presently. Do but go west the Way, said he, to you Goldsmith's Shop, and move off without one of those Silver Taskards and it will bring you thither presently.

¶ 433. Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky Truths. A Town Beggar was very importunate with a rich Miller, whom he accosted in the following Phrase: Pray, Sir, bestow your Charity a good, dear Sir, bestow your Charity. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, replied old Grampus,

Liberate me now from my wretched neighbour. A FISH
¶ 434. A certain Priest, in a rich Abbey in Florence, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day, on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original: The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot; after which, the Net was used no more. Being ask'd the Reason, he answer'd, *There is no Occasion for the Net now in this Fish in aough.*

¶ 435. A Farmer who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in many Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him. Among the rest he concited a fellow-rode a great Way to visit this Champion, and being told, That he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walk'd with his Horse in his Hand 'till he came where he found him at Work. So hanging his Horse upon the Pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his Name, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. — The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing

closing with him, took him upon such an advantagious Back, that he pitch'd him clear over the Parc; so, with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again, as nimbly as he cou'd, call'd to speak to him. Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me? No, no, replied the Fellow, only to desire you'll be so kind to borrow my Horse over after me.

436. A busy Impertinent entertaining Aristotle the Philosopher, one Day, with a tedious Discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. —— No, really, reply'd the Philosopher, you ban't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one Word you said.

437. If your Wife has cuckolded you, 'tis in vain to grieve; e'en shake Hands with your Neighbours. One telling his Friend he was a Cuckold. —— If I had not known it, replies he, I shou'd have been angry with you for telling me on't.

438. Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, That they had both done like Wits: For you Wife, says he, never give over 'till you prove one another Fools.

439. One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, told him, His Bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnished his Room rather than his Head.

440. A young Lady with a good Fortune having bestow'd herself on a wild young Fellow: Well, says the old Lady her Aunt, For all you are so eager to have him, you'll have your Belly Full of him in a little Time. I'll warrant you.

441. One meeting a Whore, she ask'd him, For a Bottle and a Beef-Steak. Why, says he, Betty, you can't want, you had a good Bubble last Night: But I have heard, you Ladies love that Man best who beats you and takes your Money from you again. Yes, says she, just as a Privateer loves to engage a Man of War.

442. A Taylor's Boy being at Church, heard it said, That a Remnant only should be saved. Egad, says the Boy, then my Master makes plaguy large Remnants.

443. A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robb'd him of his Money, and the other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the County, for he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

444. *Du Val*, who was a very famous Highway-Man, and at length suffered for his Robberies, was likewise as famous for gaining the Hearts of the Women, being a smart dapper Fellow: After his Death, he had this Epitaph bestow'd on him,

Here lies Du Val: — Reader, if Male thou art,

Look to thy Purse; — if Female, to thy Heart: —

*Much Harrock he has made in both; — for all
The Men he made to stand, — the Women fall.*

445. A Person speaking to the Earl of C——d, of the false Taste of several People of Quality, and their Ignorance in many Things that they pretend to understand: *Why, said my Lord, most of our People of Quality judge of every Thing by their Ears, but the Opera, and that they go to see.*

446. *Tom P——*, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at *Lord L——'s*, several Ladies being at Table; my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it; *Mr. Such-a-one*, reply'd *Tom*, may kiss my A——: Upon such a coarse Expression the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, *Fie, Tom, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies.* Why, my Lord, said *Tom*, *A—— an't Bawdy, is it?* No, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

447. A Citizen dying greatly in Debt, it coming to his Creditors Ears, Farewel, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him: And he carried so much of mine, said another: One hearing them make their several Complaints, laid, *Well, I see now, that though a*

Man

Man can carry nothing of his own out of this World, yet he may carry a great deal of other Men.

448. A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a (devilish) Resolution to be damnable drunk ; one being more overpowered than the rest, spew'd perpetually ; and seeing that, he could no longer bear them Company, called for a Reckoning : Why, said one, cannot you tell that, that have so often cast up what you drank ? No marry, I cannot, said he, for I was so busy in casting up the Account, that I did not mind the Reckoning.

449. Threes young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry : Good-Morrow Father Abraham, said one : Good-Morrow Father Isaac, said the next : Good-Morrow Father Jacob, cry'd the last. I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, reply'd the old Gentleman, but Saul, the Son of Kish, who was sent to seek his Father's Asses, and Lo ! here I have found them.

450. A young Maid coming fresh out of the Country was courted by a Person of Quality, who she understood was infected by the foul Disease : My Lord paid his constant Devours to her, and promised her Marriage, which she refusing, some of her Friends asked her, Why she, who was meanly born, wou'd not marry one that would not only enrich her, but ennable her Blood ? I will not, said she, corrupt my Flesh to better my Blood for any Lord in Christendom.

451. An ingenious young Gentleman at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at St. Mary's, he having formerly observ'd the Drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this Place of Scripture for his Text, *What? Cannot ye watch one Hour?* At every Division he concluded with his Text, which by Reason of the Vice-Chancellor's sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him : This was so noted by the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to London to defend himself.

self against the Crime laid to his Charge : where coming, he made so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some Excuses he at length condescended, and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *James the first and the Sixth; waver not;* meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland ; at first the King was somewhat amazed at the Text, but in the End, was so well pleased with his Sermon that he made him one of his Chaplains in ordinary : After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his Recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take Leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, *Sleep on now and take your Rest :* Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before,* which gave Offence, *What? Canst thou watch one Hour? I say now, Sleep on and take your Rest,* and so left the University.

452. A plain Country Fellow born in Essex, coming to London, which Place he had never seen before, as he walk'd in a certain Street, not a great Way from Mark-Lane, he spy'd a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it, wondering what it meant, he takes it in his Hand, play'd with it to and fro, at length, pulling it hard, he heard a Bell ring ; it so happened that the Merchant being near the Door, went himself, and demanded what the Fellow would have : Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty Thing which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you, said the Merchant ? An *Essexman* an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, quoth the Merchant, for I have often heard say, That if a Man beat a Bush in Essex, there presently comes forth a Calf. It may be so, replied the Countryman, and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold.

453. A young Man married to an ill tempered Woman, who not contented, tho' he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families ; the Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her soundly & Here.

JOE MILLER'S JESGS.

Hereupon she complained to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to task, and taxed her Sides soundly too ; saying, Go and command me to your Husband, and tell him I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.

454. A Fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian Proverb, That three Women make a Market with their chattering : Nay, then, said he, add my Wife to them, and they will make a Fair.

455. A Gentlewoman delighting in plurality of Lovers chanced to admit to her Embraces two Gentlemen who loved one another intirely, but were unacquainted with each other's Intrigue ; one of them having lain with this Gentlewoman one Night, lost his Ring in the Bed, which the other found in it the Morning after, the Day following the First sees it on his Friend's Finger ; after a great many Arguings about it, they came to understand one another's Intrigue : The Man who lost it demands his Ring, the other refuses, at last it was agreed that it should be left to the next Cotherby, who should have the Ring ; it chanced to be the Husband of the Woman, who, hearing the whole Mather, adjudg'd the Ring should belong to him who owned the Sheets : Marry then, said they, for your excellent Judgment you shall have the Ring.

456. A Man and his Dog, named Cuckold, going together in the Evening, returning home, the Dog ran in a Doors first ; O Mother, says the Boy, Cuckold's come ; Nay then, says the Mother, your Father is not far off I am sure.

457. A Scholar, in College-ball, declaiming, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, whereupon, in a low Voice, he desir'd one that stood close by, to help him out ; No, says the other, methinks you are out enough already.

458. A Country Gentleman riding down Cornhill, his Horse stumbled, and threw him at a Shop Door; the Mistress whereof being a pleasant Woman, and seeing there was no Hurt done, ask'd him, Whether his Horse used to serve him so ? Yes, said he, whenever he comes

to

JOE MILLER's JESTS.

the Door of a Cuckold: *Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls else before you come to the Top of Cheapside.*

459. A foolish Wench meily out of Revenge complained to a Justice, that such a Man would have ravish'd her: What did he do, says he? He ty'd my Hands so fast I could not stir them; And what else? Why, Sir, said she, he would have ty'd my Legs too, but I had the Wit to keep them far enough asunder.

460. A Gentleman riding near the Forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, ask'd a Fellow, What that Wood was called? He said, Whichwood, Sir. Why that Wood, said the Gentleman, Whichwood, Sir. Why that Wood I tell thee; he still said, Whichwood; I think said the Gentleman thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there: It may be so, replied the other, but you know not Whichwood.

461. A young bucksome Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hot-spur, who by all Means must have a Bout with her, but she vowed, If he meddled with her, she would burn him: Will you so, says he, I'll try that, and thereupon blow out the Candle, thinking himself safe from the Threat, however long after he found she was as good as her Word.

462. A Physician was wont to say, when he met a Friend, I am glad to see you well. In Troth, Sir, said one, I think you do but dissemble, for the World always goes ill with you when it goes well with your Friends.

463. A Gentleman fain to decay shifted where he could; amongst the rest, he visited an old Acquaintance and stay'd with him seven or eight Days, in which Time, the Man began to be weary of his Guest, and to be rid of him, feigned a falling out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very slender: The Gentleman, perceiving their Drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himself, told them, He had been there seven Days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolv'd to stay such Weeks longer but he would see them Friends again.

464. Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs, cram them with Sweet-meats, 'till they cloy their Stomachs.

465. A knavish Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman, What was Honesty? *What is that to you,* said he, *meddle with those Things that concern you.*

466. A simple Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan, and bargain'd with the Chairmen to carry him to a Place he named. The Chairmen observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Habit, privately took out the Bottom of their Chair, and then put him into it, which, when they took up, the Countryman's Feet were upon the Ground, and as the Chairmen advanc'd so did he; and to make the better Sport, if any Place was dirtier in the Way, than the rest, that they chose to go through; the Countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven in the same Manner, coming to his Lodgings gave them their Demand: Returning into the Country, he related what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and withal, that he had been carried in a Sedan: Sedan! quoth one, What is that? *Why, said he, like our Watch-House, only it is cover'd with Leather;* but were it not for the Name of a Sedan a Man might as well walk on Foot.

467. A conceited Person after he had writ several Verses in Praise of his Mistress, beginning first with her Head, and so proceeding upon every Member down to her Feet, missing no Part but the Neck; O, said one, there is good Reason for that, he reserves the Neck-verse for himself, knowing he shall have Occasion for it hereafter.

468. An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could Write and Read, coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last read on a Sign-Post, *Here are Horses to be let. 1740.* Jesu, said he, if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City?

469. One reading a witty Preface before a dull Book, said, He wondered how such a Preface come to be

match'd so preposterously to such a Book. *In Troth, Sir, said another, I see no Reason why they may not be match'd, for I'm sure they are not at all akin.*

470. A very honest and prudent Gentleman had the ill Fortune to marry a Wife a Grain too light; one Day returning home, he went up the Stairs, and found his Chamber Door open, entering, he caught his Wife and the Adulterer, who were so intent upon their Sport, that they minded nothing else, in the very Act; the Gentleman seemingly unmov'd, said, *Wife, Wife, indeed you don't do well to expose your own and my Reputation thus to the Hazard of being lost by Carelessness; sure in a Busines that so nearly concerns us both, you might have shut the Door; I pray consider, What if any one else had come and caught you in this Posture?* and so went and left them: The Mildness of this Reproof so effectually wrought upon this Woman, that she ever after abhorred the Thought of enjoying any other Man but her Husband.

471. A Person not belonging to the College, put in his Horse in a Field thereunto appertaining; being warned of so doing, and he taking no Notice thereof, the Master of that College sent his Man to him, bidding him say, If he continued his Horse there, he would cut off his Tail. Say you so, said the Person? Go tell your Master, if he cuts off my Horse's Tail, I will cut off his Ears: The Servant returning, told his Master what he said; whereupon he was sent back to bring the Person to him; who appearing, said the Master, How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, *I threatened you not, for I only said, If you cut off my Horse's Tail, I would cut off his Ears.*

472. One seeing a Scholar that look'd very much a Squint, *Sure, says he, this Man must be more learned than his Fellows, for with one Cast of his Eye, he can read both Sides of the Book at once.*

473. A Youth standing by, whilst his Father was at Play, observing him to lose a great deal of Money, burst into Tears; his Father ask'd him, The Reason why he wept? O, Sir, *I have heard that Alexander the Great*

Great wept when he heard his Father Philip had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities, and Countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary way fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.

474. A rich Citizen of London, in his Will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant Sons; at the Funeral the Blue-coat Boys were ordered, in Acknowledgment of so great a Gift, to sing before the Corpse to the Grave: As they march'd through Cheapside, this extravagant Son led his Mother, who observing the Boys make a Rest, he opened his Pipes in that Manner, that he was heard almost from one End of the Street to the other, and still leading his Mother, he continued thus singing 'till a Kinsman came to him, and stopping his Mouth, ask'd him his Reason for his irreverent and undecent Carriage: *Why Courzen,* quoth this ne're be good, *the Boys there at my Father's Death sing for some thing, and won't you let me sing for nothing.*

475. One Mr. Amner passing thro' the Street, two Boys look'd out of a Tavern Window, and said, *There goes Mr. Amner the Bull-speaker:* He hearing them, looked up, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

476. The same Gentleman crossing the Water in a Ferry-Boat at Datchet, the good Man being from home, his Wife did his Office, and not putting in the Boat just at the Landing Place, Mr. Amner at his Landing sunk into the Mud over his Shoes, and going a little further he met with a Friend who asked, How he came so dirty? *Fore Gad,* replied Mr. Amner, *no Man was ever so abused as I have been, for, coming over Datchet Ferry, a scurvy Woman Waterman, put over the Boat and landed me clean in the Mire.*

477. A Gentleman having invited several Friends to Supper, a Couple of Rabbets in a Dish being under his Hand, as he was carving, his Wife called to him, Husband, prithee give me a Flap of the Coney: The good Man, seeming abashed at her Words, answered her, *How now Wife! not before all this Company.*

478. A poor Woman in the Country, sent her Son to a Gentleman's House, upon some Errand or other: The loitering Lad stayed somewhat too long, looking upon a Dog in a Wheel that turn'd the Spit; so that when he came home, his Mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the Boy told her, If she had been there, she would have stayed as long as he; and she demanding the Reason; he said, O, Mother, it would have done you Good to have seen how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spinn'd Roast-meat.

479. In Flanders, by Accident a Flemish Tyler falling from the Top of a House upon a Spaniard, killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge said unto him, That if he did urge that kind of Sentence, it must be, *That he shold go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

480. A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said unto her, When I solicited thy Chastity, had'it thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. Faith, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so thrie or four Times before, and I was resolv'd to be fooled so no more.*

481. Some Scholars, on a Time, going to steal Coneyes, by the Way they warned a Novice amongst them to make no Noise for fear of spoiling their Game: But he no sooner espied some, but he cried out aloud, *Ecce cuniculi multi.* Whereupon the Coneyes ran with all Speed into their Burroughs; his Fellows chiding him therefore, said he, *Who the Devil would have thought that the Coneyes understood Latin?*

482. A Lord intended to take in a great Part of the Common belonging to the Town, and he agreed with a Carpenter to have it rail'd in; My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some Charges in the Business; For, says he, *do you but get Posts, and I doubt not but all the Neighbours round about will find you Railing enough.*

483. A young *Italian* Gentleman, being led, by Curiosity, into *Holland*, where having lived some time conversing with the most Ingenious, was one Day set upon by a Protestant Minister, who would needs engage him in a Controversy about Religion. The young Gentleman, knowing himself too weak for the Encounter, begged his Diversion, and endeavoured to wave the Discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he press'd by the Minister; whereupon the young *Italian*, in a very great Passion, conjur'd him by all that is good, to let him alone in Peace with his Religion, for, said he, *I cannot embrace your's, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make Choice of any other.*

484. A brave *Dutch* Captain being commanded by his Colonel, to go on a dangerous Exploit against the *French*, with Forces that were unlikely to atchieve the Enterprize, the Captain advis'd his Colonel to send but half so many Men: Why so, said the Colonel, to send but half so many Men? Because, replied the Captain, *they were enough to be knock'd on the Head.*

485. A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was ask'd, by his Friends, What Exploits he had done there? He said, *That he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs;* and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head: *O, said he, you must know his Head was cut off before.*

486. A Person of Quality coming in a Church to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men, *Well, said he, I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

487. An *Irishman* having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came home again some of his Companions ask'd him, How he liked *Scotland*? *I will tell ye now,* said he, *by Chrest I was sick all de While I was dare, and if I had lived 'till dis Time, I had been dead half a Year ago.*

488. A certain Duchess, in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Office, which gave him an Opportunity of handling much Cash, had married his kept Mistress, Good Lord, said she, *that old Fellow is always robbing the Public.*

489. A Merchant in London, having bought a pretty Estate in Surry, and afterwards two or three more Fields adjoining to it, a Person speaking of his Purchase to a Friend, said, He did not think Mr. Such-a-one, had been in Circumstances to make so large a Purchase. O dear, said the other, you don't know how considerable a Man he is, Why since he bought that Estate in Surry he has bought Moor-Fields. *That must be a great Purchase, indeed,* reply'd the other.

MORAL SENTENCES.

The surest Way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is, for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

The greatest Men may sometimes over-shoot themselves; but their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falsified to procure Gold and Silver.

If your Friend be in Want, don't carry him to a Tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of Burgundy, or filling his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of lac'd Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt to his Back. Put somewhat in his Pocket.

Poverty keeps us in a due State of Mind and Body; Prosperity, as it is not every one's Fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

A beau-

A beautiful Face is a silent Commendation—*as a good Outside is the best Sir Clement Cottrell in a strange Place.*

One said to a very slothful idle Fellow, *If thou was not afraid of dying, thou wouldst not take Pains to draw thy Breath.*

A Pen in a conceited Man's Hand is like a Sword in a Madman's, with this Difference only, that the Law lays hold of the Former and acquits the Latter.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend, every Man upon the Face of the Earth would be an Atheist.

A Fool like a Coward, is more to be fear'd behind a Man's Back, than a witty Man: For as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

A Woman never repents of a Fool so heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Sense.

All Women are alike to the young Fellows, as indeed all Fellows are alike to the young Women. Neither Sex chooses well 'till they come to Years of Discretion.

Beauty soon obtains Pardon for the Pain it gives, when it applies the Balsam of Compassion to the Wound: But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad as an ugly Face, and a soft one, both very troublesome to many poor Gentlemen.

Arguments among Men, are like Bones among Dogs, serve to set 'em together by the Ears.

Death only has the Key of a Miser's Chest, and the Devil unlocks it.

As

As 'tis a black Crime to forget the Favours we have receiv'd from others, so we should not be too mindful of the Favours which others have receiv'd from us.

Cowardice in Soldiers is as bad as Conceit in Fools, Letchery in old Age, Zeal in Libertines, or Pride in Beggars.

He who laughs at Mischief, tells us he is pleas'd that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he had no Hand in it.

The Chimney and the Garret are related, and therefore Taylors and Chimney-Sweepers are Cousin-Germans.

The Simplicity of Fools sometimes brings to pass as great Matters, as the Stratagems of the Wise.

Some Country Gentlemen may be said to be wedded to their Hounds, since they draw their Masters more than the Petticoat, and are more in Esteem than their Wives.

Collectors for the Poor provide usually for themselves first, imagining, as they say, that Charity begins at home.

Some Noblemen take no more Care of the Education of their Children, than they do of paying their Debts. Their Sons often prove Rakes, and their Daughters Hoydens.

When a fine Woman is the Toast how sprightly is our Wine? How pleasant and ravishing are our Senses, and how agreeable our Conversation.

We may write, and we may frame Conceptions in our Minds, of Love, but none sure know what it is, but those who have experienced it.

Time

Fine Cloaths, little Money, and less Sense furnish out a Town-Rake.

Out upon you for a Wh——— says *Lucilla* to *Dorinda*, when she has been thrice brought to Bed of Ballards herself, and lies every Night naked.

The World is truly compar'd to a *State-Play*, by Reason there is so much Diffimulation in it, wherein like Players, most Persons act the Part of others, and not their own.

'Tis very hard to know the worth of Persons, by the common Characters which are given of 'em, Interest and Conceit are loud and talkative, and Ignorance always goes along with the Stream.

The Success of Gamesters, like the Sea, has its Ebbs and Flowings, and Fortune is the only coy Mistress that ever shun'd her Admirers after Enjoyment.

What are Vices, in some, are Virtues in others, according to the Circumstances and Constitutions of Mankind.

This Life is short and miserable at the best, 'tis no continuing City for the wisest and most virtuous of Men: 'Tis but a Pilgrimage, we are all Travellers, the whole World is but one large Inn, every Inhabitant of which is a Steward to God.

Lawyers rob our Pockets, Poets our Time, Women and Vintners our Health, and false Priests assist in our Damnation.

Princes, as they are said to be the Fountain of Honour, should never be dry, by being worse than their Words.

If we go empty handed to Court for Preferment, we must expect to come empty back too.

When Noblemen give more to the Building of Play-Houses, than repairing of Churches, we may give a very good Guess at their Morals.

A Gamester, the greater Master he is in his Art, the worse Man he is.

If Vices were upon the whole Matter profitable; the virtuous Man would be the Sinner.

In taking Revenge the very Haste we make is criminal.

He that injures one threatens an Hundred.

That sick Man does ill for himself, who makes his Physician his Heir.

Tis Part of the Gift, if you deny handsomely what is asked of you.

The Coward calls himself a wary Man, the Miser says he is frugal, and the Fool cries up his own Wit.

Tis a strange Desire which Men have, to seek Power, and lose Liberty.

Great Numbers import not much in Armies, where Courage is wanting; for, as Virgil says, If never troubl'd be the Wolf how many the Sheep be.

Tis safer sleeping in a good Conscience, than a whole Skin.

It may be said of those who die in their Infancies, that they only break their Fasts in this World.

The

The Terrible Man, and the silent Woman, are the best Conversation.

The best Company makes the Upper End of the Table, not the Salt.

The Epicure puts his Money in his Belly, and the Miser his Belly in his Purse. An envious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand, and swallows his Meat whole.

He that lets his Tongue run before his Wit, cuts other Men's Meat, and his own Fingers.

He who sins that he may repent, surfeits that he may take Physick.

He who rises from Table without saying Grace, may be said to go away without paying his Ordinary.

A young Fellow who falls in Love with a Whore, may be said to fall asleep in a Hog-stye.

A covetous rich Man may be said to freeze before the Fire; to be a meer Dog in a Wheel, that toils to roast Meat for other Men's eating.

Where Vice is a State Commodity, as in some Popish Countries, he is the greatest Offender who never offends.

Those are aptest to domineer over others who by suffering Indignities have learnt to offer them.

The Wounds of an ancient Enmity leave their Scars behind, which seldom are healed so well to the Sight, but that they lie open to the Memory.

It is the wholesomest getting a Stomach by walking on one's own Ground; and the thirstiest Way of all quenching it, at another Man's Table.

Our Carts are never worse employ'd, than when they are waited on by Coaches.

The Madness of Love is to be sick of one Part, and cur'd by another. The Madness of Jealousy to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's Labour.

The Means of begetting a Man, has more increas'd Mankind than the End.

Money is nothing but a Thing which Art has turn'd up Trump.

The fairest Field for a running Head, is the Sea, where he may run himself out of Breath, and his Humour out of Countenance.

Use makes every Posture familiar to the Body, and every Opinion to the Mind.

The Pleasure which Coxcombs afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which makes one merry in Company, makes one dull alone.

One can no more stop a Widow's Mouth, when she is talking of her Law Suits, than a Wit's, when he is talking of himself, or a Slanderer, when he is talking of other People.

Railing is now grown so common, that 'tis more the Fashion than Malice; and the Absent think they are no more the worse for being railed at, than the Present think they are the better for being flattered.

A Woman may appear the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty for her Dress: And as Fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at Wit; so ugly Women are never more nauseous, than when they would be Beauties.

A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd, they are still in their Way, both Helpers of Nature.

A long Preface to a short Book, is like a large Porch to a little House.

A handsome Wife and a fine House, is a Country Parson's Coat of Arms : A Tithe Capon and a Tithe Pig are the two Supporters.

A Woman's admiring her own Beauty, is like a Peacock's priding itself in its gaudy Tail. The one is cured of her Vanity by the small Pox, and the other disrobed to make Muffs.

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a wholesome Bed, Fine Weather, and a kind Landlady ; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the Gifts of Fortune to an Eel, which we no sooner have in our Hands, but she slips thro' our Fingers.

Courage without Conduct in a General, is like Fancy without Judgment in a Poet : But how admirable is it when they meet in both.

Why thou'd we be afraid to die, when we may be said to be in death even in the Midst of Life : For our Bodies are the Coffins of our Souls ; as our Souls are of our Bodies.

Fornication and Perjury go as often together, as Paint and the Pox.

Music is a Mousetrap ; Farinello, Cuzzoni, and Monteceli have drawn many a Statesman into it.

Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, sincere as a whining
Harlot, and honest as a hungry Pimp.

One seeing a gouty fat Alderman in his Robes said,
He was like a Lincolnshire Ox in a furbelow'd Scarf.

One speaking of an old fashioned Country House,
said, It look'd like Noah's Ark, as if it had been made
for the Beasts of the Field and the Fowls of the Air.

A Man and his Wife, said one, are like the Sign of
the Spread-Eagle, one looks one Way, and t'other the
other.

A painted Woman is like a gilded Pill, Fools admire
the Former, and Children the Latter for the Disguise.

Friendship without Freedom is as dull as Wine without
toasting.

One said he hated a Thing worse than a Quaker did
a Parrot, or a Fishmonger a hard Frost.

A Gentleman who had a very proud fickle Mistress,
said, She had been as humoursome as a sick Monkey, or a
breeding Countess, when the Family wanted an Heir.

Come to my Arms, said one, to a Friend who had
gratified him by some Service, and let me squeeze thee,
as a new Pair of Stays do a fat Country Girl, when she
comes to Court, to stand for a Maid of Honour.

An insufficient old Man, marrying a young Wife, is
like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be
forc'd to let Lodgings to help pay the Rent.

A rich Fool among the Wife, is like a gilt empty
Bowl among the Thirsty.

Beauty

Beauty in a virtuous Woman, is like the Bellows,
whose Breath is Cold, yet makes others burn.

Wit and a Woman are two frail Things, and both
the trailer by concurring.

In a mixt Monarchy Salaries should not be so great
as to make those desire who do not want them.

When Salaries run high, and that for little or no Service,
we ever think no Body deserves them but ourselves.

Debauching a Member of the House of Commons
from his Principles, and creating him a Peer is not much
better than making a Woman a Whore, and afterwards
marrying her.

Men naturally love their Princes, as appears by the
Court made to them in the Beginning of their Reigns ;
yet it seldom lasts long, by reason Princes often mistake
their true Interest, and enrich their Courtiers at the Ex-
pence of their People : Preferring as it were, the *Par-
quist*, and *Munizy*, that are of no solid Use to them,
to the Sheep and Oxen that feed and cloath them.

A Prince, 'tis certain, ought to be religious ; but it is
absolutely necessary he seem so : For the People will
never promise themselves any Felicity under him, if
they do not think God on his Side ; and on the con-
trary, will be apt to impute the Disappointments of
every Year to his Want of Devotion.

A Prince's Reputation Abroad will rise or sink, as his
Affairs go well or ill at home.

An unquiet Life between Man and Wife lessens both
in the Esteem of their Neighbours.

Beasts of Pleasure are seldom Beasts of Burthen ; but
of the two, a Prince had much better make a Fa-

vourite of his Minister, than a Minister of his Pa.
vourite.

Familiarity, it is true, may breed Contempt, but
Love is not to be gained without some Degrees of it.

A Prince who parts with his Friends to please his
Enemies, cools the one and enflames the other.

A Prince's Word ought to be equal to the Oath of a
private Person: He should consider well before he gives
it, but no Consideration can excuse the Breach of it.

When the People prefs for a new Ministry, they do
not mean a new Sett, but a new Sort of Men.

The People will ever murmur at great Gifts while
they pay great Taxes.

A Man ought to be deaf to all Insinuations of Liber-
ality, till he has satisfy'd the Clamours of Right and
Justice, Want of good Laws is a very great Defect; but
want of due Execution of them, corrupts the very Vi-
tals of Government.

What signifies a King's Prerogative of choosing Of-
ficers Military and Civil, while his Courtiers have that
of disposing of their Places.

A Prince who sells his Pardons, sells the innocent
Blood of his Subjects, and is, in some Measure, guilty
of the shedding of it.

Brains and Heads, not Powder and Perukes must sup-
port a Government.

If a Courtier be discontented, the worse for him;
but when a People is so the worse for the Prince.

If

If a Player undertakes a Part above him, he will soon be his'd off the Stage: But if a Courtier does so, the Dignity of the Office covers him for a while; yet sooner or later it turns to his Disgrace.

Moderate Counsels are safest both for him who takes and him who gives them.

Adventures are like Leaps in Hunting, they bring you into the Chase sooner, but may chance to cost you a Fall.

A tall Tree seems yet taller among Shrubs, as some Men's Friendship shews their Contempt.

A Man of Sense and some Fortune, thinks he pays dear enough for an Employment. If he parts with his Liberty by giving his Honest and diligent Attendance; therefore such seldom get into any.

Obstinacy is more a manly Fault than too much Easiness; the one perhaps is too great Stiffness, but the other is commonly a Weakness of Mind.

Warlike Princes seldom look well into their Accompts or Expences; they have a superior Genius which makes them leave that groveling Part of Wisdom to the Care and Pains of such as may be hired for those Ends; but nevertheless Faith and Honesty are not to be bought.

Tho' the People are not apt to perceive their Disease, when shew'd 'em, yet they seldom fail of finding a Remedy.

Dogs know their own Physic.

206 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

The late Disease of Spain was a poor weak King, and a rich and corrupt Ministry.

A Prince that exalts a Favourite, degrades himself.

He that procures the Benefit will sometimes be thought the Benefactor.

That Prince who has the Love of his Subjects may easily satisfy all Parties; but Courting them is endless.

A modest Salary is a Fortune to a wanting Man, and a great Help to a Man of Estate.

Some Men have no Estates, yet want Nothing; others have great Incomes and want every Thing.

We are sometimes mistaken for Men of Pleasure, because we are not Men of Business, and for Men of Business, because we are not Men of Pleasure; A discreet Man finds Leisure for both, an inferior Genius for neither.

It is a Reproach to the Nobility and Gentry of England that, for the most Part, Men of no Birth fight their Battles, fill their Pulpits and plead their Causes; and also that Tradesmen, Vintners and Stewards run away with their Estates.

An Officer should be continued in his Employment if he does his Duty; but great Rewards and high Preferments are only due to extraordinary Services.

One Courtier speaks for another; so all of them obtain what none of them deserve.

A King of England, if he pleases, may ride his Ministers, and spur 'em too; otherwise they will be apt to ride him.

When

When Ministers refuse to serve but upon their own Terms, they are no longer Servants but Masters.

Ministers that are allow'd to put in and out when they please, make themselves Friends, but their Prince Enemies.

A Prince had better govern amiss than impotently.

'Twas aptly said, That a Courtier out of Favour was like a Lanthorn without a Candle.

A Court is many Times as heavy in a Monarchy, as Armies and Fleets in a Common-Wealth; 'tis not so useful and therefore ought to be retrench'd: Superfluous Offices are to be extinguish'd, and the rest lessen'd.

It is harder to find an honest Man than an able one; Business which improves the one corrupts the other.

Men as well as Women are debauch'd by Opportunity.

Men should be employ'd in what they are fit for: A good Coachman should not be made your Cook, only because it is a better Place, and he has a Mind for it.

An English Discontent is like a Dog shut out of Doors in a cold Night, who only howls to be let in.

A dull Fellow is presum'd sincere: A Man that knows Tricks is thought to use 'em; so that we are upon our Guard with the one, and lie open to the other.

When a wise Man seems covetous, 'tis not that he loves Money more, but that he values the World and Mankind less.

Tho' the Dead may not be concern'd in what happens after 'em, the Dying are and ought to be; 'tis a Debt charg'd

188 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

charg'd upon 'em, which in Honour and Conscience
they ought to pay to their Posterity.

Much Reading begets more Doubts than it clears.

Learning makes a good Man better, an ill one worse.

The World grows older, but not wiser : Women and
Parliaments still trust the same sort of Men who have
constantly deceiv'd 'em.

Not this, or that Man, but Mankind in general is
the Rogue : He that makes the Exception does it at his
own Peril.
To undertake for what is not in our Power to per-
form, is to mortgage an entail'd Estate, which is down-
right Knavery in a *Private Person*.

It's great Impotence in a Prince not to be able to keep
his Word : Not to be willing is somewhat worse.

War is a Calamity, for which there is no Comfort,
but that it is as bad for one Side as the other.

The defensive Weapons of Peace ought to be first
try'd, such as Embassies, and Treaties, in order to Re-
conciliation.

If War must ensue, let it be rather a Raging, than a
Fleetic Fever.

The Romans and other Heroes of Antiquity made
War by wholesale ; they conquer'd Kingdoms : We by
retail : Four or five Battles won, some on one Side,
some on the other : Three or four Towns taken, ten
Years War, Fifty Millions paid and to pay on both
Sides, and you are welcome Gentlemen to a very indif-
ferent, and perhaps a short Peace.

We

We should not measure Men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the Week after.

Honour and Honesty are professed every where, yet are very scarce to be found.

A Prince should never employ a Man who has no Reputation to lose : He brings nothing into his Service, and cares not what he carries out.

If a Man walk lame he is pity'd ; if he dance lame he is laugh'd at : The one was unavoidable the other not.

The Man who fears neither Horse, Foot, nor Cannon, will never stand in Awe of Pen, Ink, and Paper.

He who writes one Book out of an Hundred may be rather said to be a Collector, than an Author ; and flourishes like Covent-Garden-Market, with fruit growing but withering upon his Hands.

No Man knows himself. *Pbalaris* did not think he was a Tyrant, nor *Julius Cæsar* reckon himself an Usurper.

Pride, Insolence and Arrogance, are the Bladders that keep Men above Water.

Modesty is a kind of Fear that sinks a good Man to the Bottom.

There are Tyrants in Conversation as well as on the Throne.

Machiavel calls all Princes weak, who are not warlike : *Solomon* not excepted.

Greater Things might and would be done were we not so severe upon Miscarriages.

A. R.

110 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

A Roman Consul had the Thanks of the Senate, tho' he was beaten, that he did not despair; when if we lose a Ship we are presently for changing the Admiralty.

Old Men, say they, are weary of the World, but the World is first weary of them.

A moderate Man may be a Friend to his Country, when the Furious and Violent are generally factious.

Fancy and Wisdom seldom go together; nor are they Fruits of the same Soil or Season.

A sublime Fancy may by Age and Experience cool into Wisdom: Out of such the great Men of the World have been ever formed.

The Diseases of Wisdom are Covetousness and Ambition, those of Fancy are Lewdness and Luxury; the Former injure the World; the Latter only the Person that is infected with them.

There are few great Men who have not sacrific'd in the Temple of the Muses: King David wrote his Psalms, Julius Cæsar a Poem in Praise of Hercules; Augustus Cæsar his Ajax, Seneca his Tragedies. Our Cromwell made an Extempore Distich, when he dissolv'd the Long Parliament, which for its Oddness I set down.

Magna Charta,
Magna Farta.

The Law of God is but the Law of Reason reveal'd, and establish'd under those high Rewards and Punishments of Heaven and Hell.

The Great Vulgar are more to be despis'd than the Small. The one brutally neglect Learning, the other wants Means to obtain it.

Such as best deserve Friends are least industrious in procuring them.

A Wo-

JOE MILLER's JESTS. XII

A Woman had rather lose her Gallant at *Tyburn*,
than to a Rival.

The Reason why Women have a greater Share in
the Government of *France*, than they have in that of
England, is, because *France* is a Government of Men,
and *England* a Government of Laws, the Former they
know how to manage, the Latter they are not bred to
understand.

Witty Men commit the most fatal Errors, as the
strongest Horses make the most dangerous Stumbles.

A moderate Genius goes fair and softly, and advances
slowly but more certainly to a Design.

Men are commonly cheated when they first enter upon
on Play; and Women in their first Intrigue.

He who speaks against Religion deserves to be torn
in Pieces by the Mob whom he endeavours to unchain.

The Clergy should let fall some of their Hypocrisy
and the Gentry should take it up, that they may think
the better of one another.

Fear may keep a Man out of Danger, but Courage
only can support him in it.

Earl of *Boswell* fell out with *Mary Queen of Scots*
because she would not poison her Son, *James I.* to make
Way for his Issue by her to the Crown.

A Gentleman is judged of by his Company; a
Workman, by his Tools; and a Prince by his Ministers.

Men venerate antient Virtue, and envy the present;
while we look upon 'em thro' such different Glasses the
former must carry it.

JOE MILLER'S JEST.

If a Man be powerful, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him ; if he be agreeable, 'tis the same Odds but I am : Yet the one is courted, the other not.

To Men are wanting to Opportunity, but Opportunity to more. There's never a Day passes wherein a Man may not be made miserable, yet there is no Day in which he is not proud, insolent and conceited.

The good Opinion we have of ourselves is the Foundation of what we have of others.

It is Pity that the Justice of a Man's Cause cannot always carry it against the Subtily of his Adversary's Counsel.

The Temper of the Mind is no more in our Power, than the Health of the Body; and we can't insure ourselves from being angry To-morrow, any more than from having a Fit of the Cholic.

The Fair Sex would be an agreeable Amusement to Mankind if they did not make so deep an Impression.

No Man has a particular Fault, which he does not think he finds in all Mankind.

Reasons of State are so very intricate, that a good Minister can hardly be a good Man.

Interest that makes some Men blind, makes others very sharp-fighted.

The Affability of some great Men is to make us believe, that their Goodness is greater than their Fortune.

Some

Some Generals are prouder of a Scratch, than a private Centinel of the Loss of a Limb.

Courage is not always innate; and a Man may learn to be brave, as well as to exercise a Battalion.

Jealousy is a pardonable Passion; it is only a Desire of keeping what is our own, or what at least we think so.

If we had not Faults of our own, we should not be so glad to observe 'em in other People.

We tell others of their Faults more out of Pride than a Desire they should mend; and call them to Account out of Ostentation, as if we ourselves were innocent.

Some Persons preach and pray themselves into Religion, as Hobbs disputed himself out of it.

The Lives of the Clergy second their Doctrines so ill, that they make Atheists of those that might prove honourable Converts.

The Papists would fain have the Doctrines of the Protestants thought new Inventions. One asked a Protestant *Where his Religion was before the Time of Luther?* Did you wash your Face this Morning, reply'd he? Yes, answer'd the other. Then where was your Face, cry'd he, before it was washed?

Love is easier to counterfeit than conceal; yet if Women did not flatter themselves, we could not so much impose on them.

It is the Nature of the Creature makes the Honey-Suckle Poison to the Spider and hot to the Bee.

A Prince's Negligence or Fear; or sometimes a Word from a Favourite, or Opportunity from some Body else,

makes a Pardon pass for an Act of Mercy, when his Clemency had nothing to do in it.

To be often in Love shews Levity of Mind; but to be never so Stupidity.

He that forswears being in Love proclaims himself a Fool.

He who marries for an Estate, is happier than he expected, if he meets with a good Wife.

Matrimony is not so heavy a Yoke as Batchelors pretend, nor so easy as the Husbands give out; yet would be a much more happy State than generally it is found if it were entered upon as it ought.

Who thinks a Woman has no Merit but her Money, ought to be a Cuckold.

A violent Passion hardly ever brought two together, but it made them miserable.

Many great Actions owe their Success to Chance, this the General and Statesman run away with the Applause.

Tis not always Courage that makes a Man fight, nor Chastity that keeps Women from being Whores.

A young Wench oftentimes loves a chargeable Bully better than a kind Keeper.

Some Men have been thought brave, because in the Heat of the Battle they were afraid to run away.

Most Men are shock'd when any one is very much commended; We think every Body flattered but ourselves.

Repu-

Reputation is a greater Tye upon Women than Nature, or they would not commit Murder to prevent Infamy.

There is a great deal of Hypocrisy in sick Men; the Convulsions of their Eyes and Contorsions of their Faces is not always an Effect of Pain; they speak low to make us believe 'em faint; they sigh and shriek out to force our Compassion, then suddenly recollect themselves to a Calm: By all these Grimaces of Pain they would prepossess us of the Greatness of their Sufferings, and by their Resignation, persuade us of their Piety.

When a Woman has granted one Thing she can afterwards refuse nothing.

An unexpected Turn of Affairs has frequently given a Lustre to an indifferent Statesman.

The Satisfaction we take in a Friend's good Fortune is not from a Principle of Good-nature, but Interest: We expect to rise in our Turns, or to be the better for them that are risen.

'Tis easier to ridicule than commend, a very little Understanding serves for the First, but a Man must have a good deal of Judgment to do the Latter properly.

Nothing makes us so easy in the unequal Distribution of the Goods of Fortune, as the Opinion we have of our own Desert.

It was not Probit made the Philosophers contemn Riches but their Vanity turned their Despair into a seeming Virtue.

Virtue is but a poor Reward to itself; yet very rarely has any other.

If Kings had not Gilt the Profession of Arms with Honour and Advantage, no reasonable Man would be a Sacrifice to their Ambition and Injustice; and profess himself an open Enemy to those who never did him any Harm.

The Diadem is not so soft lined, but that it sits heavy on every Monarch's Brows.

It is a sad Truth, tho' Women won't believe it, that our Passion ends where theirs begins.

There must be a Concurrence of Chance to make a great Man; Merit alone will never do it.

It is the Misfortune of Kings that the Grandeur of their Rank will not permit them to taste the Felicities of a private Life.

Some People pretend to be zealous Patriots only to cloak their Malice and Ambition; therefore are always railing at Governments if they can have no Hand in them.

Wit often exposes a Woman to Danger, as Mettle does a blind Horse.

Ladies will easily pardon a Man's want of Sense, but rarely his Want of Manners.

The weakest Judgments have the strongest Passions.

A Golden Shield is of great Defence.

It gives us but an ill Impression of the Capacity of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, to see Medicines have their Fashions like Hats and Wiggs: Nothing is cur'd now without Jesuits Powder, Opium and Steel.

Nothing sometimes stoops lower than Pride.

A Fool

A Fool or a Coward can never be a real Friend.

There is somewhat that Borders upon Madness in every exalted Wit.

That People which constitutes the Honour and Safety of a Prince should at least partake of his Smiles.

A Prince may be familiar with his Subjects without derogating from his Majesty, but not supercilious without Danger.

Ambassadors that Princes send are oftentimes looked upon as the Model of the Court they come from.

It would be more for the Honour and Interest of a Prince to *buy* Men, than to sell Places.

A wise Prince should suit his Gifts to Mens Capacities, not their Cravings.

Princes think it necessary to promise sometimes; when they know it would not be Wisdom to perform.

Pity is oftener Flattery than Affection.

He will never be thought a disinterested Member, who receives a Pension from the Crown.

A Place at Court is a continual Bribe.

Those will never value how much Money they give the King, who are to divide it after it is given.

We charge Nature with all our Faults, but make our Virtues pass for the Effect of our Reason and Choice, and both unjustly.

Women are those that do more Mischief by their Love, than their Hatred.

We

118 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

We ought not to flatter ourselves, that we please in all Things, since it would be sufficient if we could please in some.

A Critick, in the modern Acceptation, rarely rises in the World: His Profession keeps him under, when a candid Judge of Things gains every Body's Esteem.

To have neither Merit nor Fortune is the greatest Unhappiness that can befall a Man; but the Gift of either recompences the Want of one.

Either decline being trusted with a Secret, or endeavour to render yourself capable of keeping it.

He that affects always shewing his Wit, seldom fails of letting the World know that he has little or none.

The only Way to be reveng'd on a Person that talks too much, is not to give him the Hearing.

Some People would please more in Conversation, if they did not endeavour to tell all in a Moment that they had been learning many Years.

Always apprehend the Visits of those whose Memories, or Pockets may furnish them with Means to disturb you.

Pride does not become a rich Man; but it is insupportable in a poor one.

A Woman's Chastity is not to be endured when she expects an uncontrollable Liberty as the Reward of it.

A Woman's Virtue is commendable, provided she does not value herself too much upon it.

There is no Woman but will be civil to her Husband, when she has a Mind to conceal her Lover from him.
What

What a ridiculous Oeconomy is there between a rampant Wife, and a couchant Husband?

Widows shed the more Tears out of Hopes of encouraging a second Husband to expect the same Favour.

A Gamester's Goods are so often in the Broker's Hands, that they, in a Manner, become Proprietors of them.

Women are less indebted to their Charms, than to our Weakness.

Women are the first that are possessed of an Opinion of their own Beauty, and the last that quit it.

Gaming is fit only for those who have great Estates, or those who have none.

If Women could be persuaded that nothing but Knowledge can entitle them to talk, they would blush with Shame for being forever oblig'd to hold their Tongues.

A Man that is capable of other Things, seldom understands Play; for what incapacitates him for that, makes others good Gamesters.

Some Men read Polemic Divinity, not to confirm them in their own Religion, but to out talk those of another.

Some have more Regard to the Floridness of a Preacher, than the Matter he handles: Thus we value the Beauty of a Flower beyond its Medicinal Virtues.

A reasonable Gradation of Employments and Dignities, is equally honourable to both Prince and People: But to have Mushrooms of State in a Day's Time o'er-top even the Cedars, is monstrous as well as invidious.

Courting

Courting Virtue for her own Sake, was but a haughty Dogma of the Stoicks, to conceal their Hypocrify.

The most considerable Advantage a rich Man has, is, that he may more safely transgress the Law, because he has wherewithal to bribe the Judges.

There is a great deal of Difference between Dying, and talking of Death.

Many Mens Virtues seem calculated for their present Stations; if they are exalted, they are disgraced like Pictures that hang in a wrong Light.

He who desires to live, merely for living's Sake, has not a worthy Notion of his Being: He only puts a right Value upon Life, who desires it barely that he may do Good.

A Traitor that impeaches is twice a Villain, yet we see some dignify'd; all rewarded, while Men of real good Service want Bread.

The Thoughts of Freedom make People easy in a Republic, tho' they suffer more than under an arbitrary Monarch.

He that would rise at Court must have a large Throat to swallow Indignities, and a good strong Stomach to digest them afterwards.

He that carries Merit to Court will quickly be crowded out of the Ring.

Why should we wonder that *Commodus* is exalted, since Scum will be always uppermost as well as Cream.

Every one desires a Friend, and yet very few can suffer Friendship: To tell a Man his Failings does not reform

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 221

form him, but incur his Hatred, and, it may be, bring you to a Duel. He that is truly great, will never be proud; as always the most generous Wines carry the least Head.

A great Army in Time of Peace, may be thought too expensive; but a small one in Time of War, may prove a dangerous Parcimony.

Old Folks love young Bedfellows, not so much out of Tenderness as Policy: 'Tis a sort of applying Pigtions to their Feet; it gives a vital Warmth to decaying Nature.

Where the Means of growing rich are not visible, the Person's Integrity will be suspected who has heaped up too much Wealth. Taking up Money at Interest, is like drinking in a Fever; it may gratify the Palate a little, but generally does a great deal of Mischief to the Patient.

Some Men are so over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing; but a true Sportsman will hook a Gudgeon to catch a Jack.

Continual shifting of Officers is the Ruin of Affairs; by that Time they have learn'd to be serviceable, their Commission must expire.

We may more reasonably expect great Actions from those that fight for Safety, than those that contend for Dominion. This is evident by the Battles of Thermopylae, Salamis, Platea, and Mycale; in all which Xerxes always lost more Men than he attack'd.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than to conquer; as a wise Head is better than a strong Arm.

"Tis not Chastity to be insensible of Youth and Beauty ; nor Sobriety not to love Wine : 'Tis the not abusing the Creatures that is a Virtue, not the omitting the Use of them.

The Affectation of the Stoicks, made Virtue seem very severe ; they frightened many from the Practice of it, to enhance their own Characters.

Duels are the Effects either of want of good Sense, a peevish Courage, or the Insufficiency of the Laws ; and therefore are a Reflection upon the Government, and no Honour to the Parties that engage in them.

When our Actions run counter to our Pretensions, we find out different Terms for the same Fact ; so think to evade the Scandal of Falshood and Hypocrisy. *Cromwell* set up for Liberty and a free People, wou'd not be King, yet wou'd be a Protector, but that not without the Regalia.

Virtue in Retirement and Obscurity, is like a Coal under the Ashes, wasting away itself, and profiting no Body.

Patience under Misfortunes, is like Opiates in a Fever ; tossing and tumbling only irritate the Distemper.

Continual Apologies for every thing at Table are a thousand Times more troublesome than the Faults they wou'd excuse.

He that is in the Wrong, oftentimes deserves our Pity, but he that is unwilling to be in the Right, should have nothing but our Contempt.

He that judges of Virtue by Success, will do Honour to a great many Knaves.

Many that carry the Liberty of the People highest, serve them as they do Troutz, tickle them till they catch them.

A moderate Degree of Pride has this Advantage, that it prepossesses several in our Favour; while the Basifult are too often thought to deserve nothing.

Wit is the Nimbleness of the Understanding, Wisdom the Strength. A witty Man seldom says a foolish thing, a wise Man never does one. They are commendable a part, but admirable together.

Silence may hide Folly, as a Vizard does an ill Face, but then 'tis but for a Time.

The best Jewellers use the least Silver, and he that will set his Thoughts to Advantage must not overload them with Words.

Complements and Ceremonies were invented to conceal the Hatred which Men naturally bear to one another.

Every little Club thinks Wit confined to it; as every small Sect to monopolize Salvation.

Meddle with your Match, is a Saying among Boys, a Rule of Honour among Men, and a wise one among Princes.

He that takes up Arms against his Prince, can never lay 'em down with Safety: 'Tis equally Folly for the one to expect a Pardon, and the other to grant it.

A Prince that turns out his Ministers upon every Complaint of the People, will not have a capable, or an honest Man long about him.

Great Men are like Wolves, we must not strike at 'em, unless we are secure of our Blow, for if we miss they'll be sure to tear us to Pieces.

Tis a Mortification to a Prince to see an old Minister turn from him, but Self-preservation is the first Law of Nature: And any Man in his Senses would sooner submit to part with his Crutch than his Leg.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precepts. The Sight of Sir Edward R——b running after a Coach for Sixpence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal than a Sermon.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their Room ten Times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel that left the posses'd Man's Body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekness Calvin made Roastmeat of Servetus at Geneva for his Unorthodoxy.

When Moliere's *Tartuffe* was acted in France, all the Churchmen complain'd of it. The *Préfet de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly Piece, went down without the least wry Face. At so much an easier Rate may a Man expose Religion, than Hypocrify!

It is very much to be questioned, whether Mr. Collier would have condescended to lash the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar now and then with the Backslidings of the Cassock.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier to recommend him to his Master. As Prince Maurice was once

once at Dinner in came a huge Mastiff and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room and kick'd him, but for all that *Monsieur le Chien* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so continued his Visits, tho' they still continued the same Treatment to him. At last the Prince ordered them to beat him no more and made much of him. From that Time the Mastiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince wherever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber Door, ran by his Coach Side as duly as one of his Lacqueys: In short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he died he settled a Pension upon him for Life.

'Tis a Sign of the last Necessity in an Author when he is forc'd to steal from himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the Spittal-pid. when he'd said 'tis his own.
 Mr. Shadwell in one of his Plays, is so honest as to own that he had stole a few Hints out of a French Comedy, but pretends it was rather out of Laziness than Want. This Confession, instead of mending Matters, wou'd have hang'd him at the Old Bailey, and why it should save him in *Parnassus* I can't tell.

Melissa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-house and Players, has always a Catalogue of the Lent Preachers by Heart, rails at Patches and large Hoops, and yet is a Fury incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Melissa* a Sum, says a Gentleman, last Night, and she was so fond of my Money that I thought in my Conscience she would have run away with the Purse.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Lisander's* Wife is the most insatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Lisander* jogg's on merrily, snores contentedly and believes her honest. T'other Day he made a Visit to *Chærephon*, whose Wife denies herself no innocent Freedoms, but

is as chaste as a Vestal. Lord! cries *Lisander* to himself, what an unlucky Wretch is poor *Cicerophon* to have such a Viper in his Bosom; and, *meilleur des moeurs* of *bonnes et moutillantes* oys in *villaines* ames.

JESTS and SAYINGS, sent to the PUBLIC PRESS, since the former Sheets went to

Press. — *Le vel* showed *l'envoye* sonz *au b'vol* *des tr'p'les an'sbi's des O'c'q'z* *et d' n'at*, *scott* *rad'm'd* *o'* *A Cordelier waiting to close the Eyes of an Arch-bishop, as soon as he was dead, having fix'd his Eyes upon a rich Crucifix, slipt it into one of his wide Sleeves, crying, He was crucify'd for us.*

*King Charles the Second, after the Restoration, told Waller the Poet, that he had made better Verses, and said finer Things of Cromwell than of him. That may very well be, reply'd Waller, for Poets generally succeed better in *imaginary Things* than in *real ones*.* — *A Lawyer and a Physician having a Dispute about Precedence, refer'd it to Diogenes, who gave it in Favour of the Lawyer, in these Terms: Let the Thief go before and the Executioner follow.*

The Cardinal De Ritz being out of Favour at Court, and at last recalled to kiss the King's Hand, the King said to him, Your Eminence's Hair is grown quite white. To which he reply'd, It would make a younger Man than I am look grey, to be so long in Disgrace with your Majesty and have been

Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting with his Epitaph upon the Prince of *Conde*: The Prince told him, *He should have been much better pleased if Moliere had brought him His.*

The famous Buchanan being at Dinner where the Soop was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same

same Time breaking Wind backwards : *It was well for you, said he, that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive, if you had staid.*

A Bishop going in great Haste to *Rome* to be cardinalized, missed his Promotion and returned; but got a violent Cold by the Way: *It is no Wonder, said one, who was told of it, since he came so far without his Hat.*

Mr. Smith, the Ordinary of *Newgate*, in the Reign of King *William*, one of the most famous Scuttle Drawers of his Time, had one impudent Clipper once to deal with. Why, says the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They woud have bought but twelve Penny-worth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they'll buy twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips still. Ay, but heark you, my Friend, cries the Ordinary, what is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round, and what is paring round call'd in Scripture, but Circumcision, and who under the Evangelical Dispensation dares practice Circumcision, but one that has actually renounced the Christian Religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate perverse Jew in his Heart? Upon this the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin; confess'd that Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-splot.

A Gentleman being very drunk came to a Friend's House, and told him, he came three Miles on Purpose to sup with him ; to whom the other answer'd, *He was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him before he came to himself.*

A Scotch Parson in the Rump Time, in his babbling Prayer, said, *Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A Country Fellow standing by said, *Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better ; and I am sure 'tis the Prayers of all good People.* But, Friends, said *Sawny*, I don't mean

as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord, No Matter what Cord, reply'd the other, so 'tis but a strong Cord.

A Book being published in Queen Elizabeth's Time, that gave her Majesty much Offence, she asked Bacon if he could find no Treason in it. No, Madam, said he, but Abundance of Felony, for the Author has stale half his Conceits out of Tacitus.

A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for to feel her Pulse; she being very coy, and loath he should touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock Sleeve over her Hand; the Doctor observing it, took a Corner of his Coat, and laid it upon her Smock Sleeve; at which a Lady that stood by wondered: O Madam, said he, a Linnen Pulse must always have a Woollen Physician.

Tom Clarke of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop Burnet's *History of the Reformation*; the other told him, He could not spare it out of his Chamber, but, if he pleased, he might come there and read in't all Day long: Some Time after the same Gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his Bellows, Tom sent him Word, That he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and use them all Day long if he would.



EPIGRAMS.

JOHNSON'S
EPICUREAN



EPIGRAMS.

On MILTON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn :
The First in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd ;
The next in Majesty, in both the last.
The Force of Nature could no farther go :
To make a Third, she join'd the former Two.

A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM.

By the Rt. Honourable the Lord H——.

A Pleasing Subject first with Care provide,
Your Matter must by Nature be supply'd ;
Nervous your Diction, be your Measure long,
Nor fear your Verse too stiff, if Sense be strong :
In proper Places proper Numbers use,
And now the Quicker, now the Slower choose :

N Too

130 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

Too soon the Dactyl the Performance ends;
But the slow Spondee coming Thoughts suspends.
Your last Attention on the String bestow,
To that your good or ill Success you'll owe;
For there not Wit alone must thine, but Humour
flow.

Observing these your Epigram's compleated;
Nor fear 'twill tire tho' seven Times repeated.

M O R I L M A N Q

To one married to an Old Man.

By Mr. WALLER.

SINCE thou wou'dst needs, bewitch'd with some
ill Charms, And in thy flight in earnest off
Be bury'd in those monumental Arms so poor and old
All we can wish, is, may that Earth lie light upon
Upon thy tender Limbs, and so good Night.

On a Picture of Mrs. MARABELLA HUNY,

Drawn playing on a Lute, after her Death.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

WERE there on Earth another Voice like
thine,
Another Hand so drest with Skill divine,
The late afflicted World some Hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

To

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 131

To OLIVER CROMWELL.
By the famous Mr. Locke.

A Peaceful Sway the great *Augustus* bore,
O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before,
Julius was all with martial Trophies crown'd ;
Augustus for his peaceful Arts renown'd,
Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em Deities ;
That, for his Valour ; this, his Policies.
You, mighty Prince, than both are greater far,
Whè rule, in Peace, that World you gain'd by War.
You save from Heaven a finish'd Hero fell,
Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

On Miss BIDDY FLETCHER.

By DANK SWIFT.

WHEN *Capit' did his Grandire York invent*,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt ;
You sent and found, far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks seren; ;
From which Ingredients, first, the dextrous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Awkard, and the Coy ;
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride ;

132 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain,
Of Nice, Coques, Affected, Pert and Vain :
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy Composition, **FLOYD.**

The CUCKOLD'S COMPLAINT.

By Mr. WALSH.

CORNUS proclaims aloud, his Wife's a Whore,
Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more ?
Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one ;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

On GILES'S J——B, the Post.

By the late Dr. SEWELL.

PARENT of Dulness ! genuine Son of Night !
Total Eclipse ! without one Ray of Light :
Born when dull midnight Bells for Fun'ral's chime,
Just at the closing of the Bellman's Rhyme.

On

*On the Death of Mrs. B—, who died soon after
her Marriage.*

By Lady MARY W—M—

HAIL, happy Bride! for thou art truly bleſ'd,
Three Months of Rapture crown'd with end-
leſs Rest; Merit, like your's, was Heaven's peculiar Care,
You lov'd—yet tasted Happiness sincere.
To you the Sweets of Love were only shown;
The ſure ſucceeding bitter Dregs unknown:
You had not yet the fatal Change deplo'red,
The tender Lover for th' imperious Lord;
Nor felt the Pains that jealous Fondneſs brings,
Nor wept the Coldneſs from Possession ſprings:
Above your Sex diſtinguiſh'd in your Fate;
You trusted—yet experienc'd no Deceit.
Soft were your Hours, and wing'd with Pleasure flew,
No vain Repentance gave a Sigh to you;
And if ſuperior Bliss Heaven can beſtow,
With Fellow Angels you enjoy it now.

Occasioned by the Foregoing.

TH O' all the World knows
The Fate of poor B—,

N 3

Yet

Yet Writers about it do vary
 Some Folks make a Face,
 And pity her Case,
 'Tis the Envy of good Lady Mary.

She says, she don't know
 How Heaven can bestow
 Any Joy like the Death of that Bride;
 Whence some People say,
 Could she choose her own Way,
 E'er now she had certainly dy'd.

But here's the Mistake,
 If her Mind she would speak,
 The Meaning appears very plain;
 She would ever be trying,
 But to B— leave the Dying;
 Her Choice is to live in the Pain.

On the Tragedy of CATO.

By J. P. Esq;

HIS antient Rome, by Party Factions rent,
 Long since the gen'rous Cato did lament;
 Himself, united with his Country's Cause,
 Bravely refus'd to live 'midst dying Law;

Pleas'd

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 135

Pleas'd with returning *Liberty* to come,
With Joy the Hero rises from his Tomb,
And in *Britannia* finds a second *Rome*.

On a Lady who read her *Watir* at seeing the Tragedy
of *CATO*.

By Mr. POPE.

WHILST Maudlin Whigs deplore their Ca-
to's Fate,

Still with dry Eyes the Tory *Celia* sat : *W*
But tho' her Pride forbade her Eyes to flow,
W The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams the mournful
Like twenty Rivers Gods with all their Urns ! *W*
Let others screw an Hypocritic Face, — *W*
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place : *W*
Her Nature reigns and Passion void of Arts ; *W*
For that Road leads directly to the Heart. *W*
On a MONUMENT intended to be erected for Mr.
ROWE, by his Widow. Written before Mr.
Dryden's was set up.

By Mr. POPE.

THY Reliques, Rows, to this fair Shrine
trust, *H*
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful Dust,
N 4 Beneath

Beneath a rude and nameless Stone he lies,
 To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring Eyes ;
 Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest,
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest ;
 One grateful Woman to thy Fame, supply'd
 What a whole thankless Land to his deny'd.

The STRATAGEM.

WHEN *H*——*se* for some trifling unorthodox
 Jests, As Enthusiast was censured by Bigots, and Priests :
 The politic Doctor, to remove the Reproach,
 Was seen with a Parson six Months in his Coach.
 When *C*——*den* saw this Device had Success,
 He thought, in some Sort, it would suit his own Case ;
 And to take an unlucky d——n'd Censure away
 He contriv'd to be seen with a Wit ev'ry Day ;
 Then with *Pope* by his Side, in the Pride of his Soul,
 Now d——mme, said he, ——Now d'ye think I'm a
 Fool?

To Miss *W*—— with the ATALANTIS.

HERE view, from *Manley's* Pen, the moving
 Tale :
Manley! who could e'en Nature's Self unveil :
 Her

Her Wit, her Sense, conjoined with Truth, impart
Pleasure to Youth, and warm the Female Heart.
Taught thus by her, no more shall brutal Fire
Possest my Soul; and nought but soft Desire,
Such as she wrote, and such as you inspire.

On a BURSER of a certain College in Oxford, cutting down the Trees near the said College for his own Use.

INDULGENT Nature to each Creature shows
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes.
The Goose, a silly Bird avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors steer from Rocks,
The Thief the Gallows, as his Fate foresees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

The following EPIGRAM was wrote on Occasion
of the Duchess Dowager of MARLBOROUGH's
offering 500 l. to any Poet who should exert his
Genius best in Honour of the DUKE, her Husband.

FIVE hundred Pounds! too small a Boon
To put a Poet's Muse in Tune,
That nothing may escape her:
Should she attempt th' heroic Story
Of the illustrious Churchill's Glory,
It would not buy the Paper.

ADVICE

ADVICE to TIPPLERS.

RESENTING Fools have oft confess'd
That thriving Vintners make lean Guests;
As they grow rich, there's nothing surer,
Than that your Topers grow the poorer:
Therefore when they are saucy grown
Complain not, for the Fault's your own:
'Tis Nonfence at their Pride to grumble,
Since you, with Ease, may keep 'em humble.
Spend sparingly, and you'll soon find
Yourselves more happy, them more kind.

To Mr. POPE.

THY Wit, in vain, the feeble Critick gnaws,
While the hard Metal breaks the Serpent's
Jaws.

Grieve not, my Friend, that Spite and envious Rage,
At once thy Person, and thy Muse engage:
Health, Strength, and Beauty to blind Chance we
owe; our Virtues only from ourselves can flow;
But Heav'n, indulgent to thy nobler Part,
In thy fair Mind, impresses nicest Art:
Nature, too busy to regard the Whole,
Forgot thy Body to adorn thy Soul.

On

On Mr. C—— being made Poet Laureat.

PRITHIE tell me which did worse,
Caligula, or Grafton's Grace?

One made a Consul of a Horse, b'leauin you T

T'other a Laureat of an Ass. I know ye'll

think mee D'lead has givn mee liberty

*Wrote at the Time of the Dispute between the present
Bishop of Winchester, then Bishop of Bangor, and
Dr. S N A P E, 1717.*

GOOD Christians all compose the Scrape
'Twixt Bangor calm, and fervent Snape,
To ease the Church your Mother:
Between them both 'tis best, I say,
In Summer Time, with one to pray,
In Winter with the other.

To the PARSONS and QUAKERS.

THEY in an unknown Tongue their Prayers
do say;
Ye in an unknown Sense, your Prayers convey:
Betwixt ye both, this Difference must ensue:
Fools understand not them; nor wise Men you.

Occasion'd

Occasion'd by reading the Layman's SERMON.

TH Y Countrymen, good *Charles*, are still the same,
They murder'd once thy Body, now thy Fame.
By venal *Scots*, thou to the Block wert led,
Betray'd when living, and bely'd when dead :
All Peace be to thy Shade, much injured Prince :
The Sires sold thee, the Sons their Country since.

Translated from BUCHANAN.

Beginning, Pauper eram juvenis, &c.

POOR, when in Youth ; now worn with feeble Age
I'm rich ; but wretched still in either Stage.
When Wealth I could enjoy I then had none ;
Now Plenty's come, all Power of Use is gone.

MENS MULIEBRIIS.

NATURE to all does due Provision make,
And what Men want in Head, they have in Back,
Then

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 148

Then who can disapprove the Fair One's Rules,
Who talk with *Men of Sense*, but kiss with *Fools*!

The LAUREAT.

WELL, said *Apollo*, still 'tis mine
To give the real Laurel :
For that, my *Pope*, my Son divine
Of Rivals ends the Quarrel.

But, guesing who would have the Luck
To be the Birth-Day-Fibber ;

I thought of *Dennis*, *Tibbald*, *Duck*,
But never dreamt of *Cibber*.

In a Window of a Room, in the Tower of London,
is written,
R. WALPOLE, 1712.

Underneath that are the following Lines.

GOOD unexpected ; Evil unforeseen,
Appear, by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene.
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Landsdown, Sept. 24, 1716.

EPITAPH.

Who likes Miss Mary Allen's school but the little white people? They who can appreciate the Fair Queen, Kaiser

EPI T A P H.

HE R E lies a Lady who, if not belied,
Took wife St. Paul's Advice, and all Things
try'd :

On Rivers and the like Rivers
ERITATUR an unknown Person.

WITHOUT a Name, forever silent, dumb,
Dust, Ashes, nought else lies within this
Tomb.

Where e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not ;
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
I was, but am not ; ask no more of me ;
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

C—, you say writes well; suppose it true;
You pawn your Word for him, he'll
vouch for you.

So two poor Knaves, when once their Credit fail,
To cheat the World become each other's Bail.

The

JOE MILLER'S JEST. 145

and fainted all day and all night at
the two o'clock, and so did he and she and
he said *The Lover's Lament*.

UNHAPPY *Stronpon*, dead, and cold,
His Heart was from his Bosom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
To his beloved *Kitty* sent.
Some Ladies might perhaps have fainted,
But *Kitty* smiled upon the Bauble ;
A Pin-cushion, said she, I wanted.

Go put it on the Dressing-Table.

WITH Awe, with Pleasure, and Surprise,
I view the Lightning of your Eyes;
Lightning ! that wounds me as it flies.

What Prayer ! What Vow ! to Heav'n can go ? M.
For all Devotion you subdue ;
At least 'tis all transferr'd to you.

an

In

144 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

In vain is human Strength, its boasted Art,
While you sit here, you share my Vows in Part ;
To * Y——, I give my Ears, to you, my Eyes and
Heart.

PROMETHEUS ill painted.

By Mr. COWELL Esq; M.A.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' State appear,
Whilist he his second Mis'ry suffers here !
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the Painter's Hands.
It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
If once again his Liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove, and his bold Theft allow :
The Flames he once stole from thee grant him now.

To Mr. D——ge going to paint Miss A-t-n-'s Picture
soon after Joe came out of Tothill-Fields.

A Beauteous Woman never so sweet appears,
As when Affliction forces gentle Tears ;

The

* The Minister.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 143

The Charmer then not only pleases Sight,
But melts our Passions 'till they all unite.

If *A*—— you'd paint in all her Charms,
Give not a Lover to her willing Arms ;
But in Affliction, with her Eyes brim full,
Her lovely Image take, when Milling Doll.

On *BEN JOHNSON's Bust*, set up in West-
minster-Abbey, with the Buttons on the wrong Side
of his Coat.

By the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY.

O Rare Ben Johnson ! What, a Turn-Coat grown !
Thou ne'er were such, 'till thou wert clad in
Stone.

When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat impairs,
Thou'l find a Patron in a hundred Years :
Then let not this Mistake disturb thy Sprite,
Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.

On a handsome Woman with a fine Voice, but very
Covetous and Proud.

S O bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
As had drawn both the Beasts, and their *Orpheus*
along ;

Nº VII.

○

But

But such is thy Avarice, and such is thy Pride,
That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have
dy'd.

By AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq;

GEORGE came to the Crown without strik-
ing a Blow :

Ah ! quoth the *Pretender*, would I could do so.

The *Forlorn Damsel*.

WHILST each dear Nymph is happy with
her Swain,

The poor *Dorinda* sighs, and sighs in vain ;
Forlorn sh' has liv'd thrice ten revolving Years,
But now, at length, a dying Slave appears :
The Youth raps humbly at her Chamber Door,
And speaks such Words she never heard before.
In Bed, surpriz'd, she starts, her Curtain drew,
And ask'd his Will — *Madam, I Dye for you.*
For me ! A Man ! What does he say ? He dies !
She whisks from Bed, and to the Toilet flies ;
In Haste she drest, but did it with an Air ;
And to Advantage patch'd, and comb'd her Hair.

Her

Her dying Slave to rap'onee more perfumes,
Whilst sweet Dorinda Washes and Perfumes ;
But that he might not at the Door expire,
She let him in, and farther did enquire.
With Cap in Hand, and with submissive Look,
He bow'd, and then these killing Words he spoke :
Madam, I've dy'd your Sattin, and see here,
The Black's entire, no colour'd Stripes appear.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.

By Mr. BUDGEELL.

HO W ill the Motion with the Music suits !
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

Written in the Leaves of a FAN, by Dr. ATTER-BURY, late Bishop of Rochester.

FLAVIA, the least and slightest Toy,
Can with restless Art employ ;
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love ;
Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told or safely seen ;
Directs its wanton Motion so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow ;

O z

Gives

346 JOE MILLER'S JEST.

Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To every other Breast a Flame.

On a Papist's praying to the Statue of a Saint.

From BUCHANAN.

WHEN you before an Image kneeling down,
Cry with grave Face, *Our Father*, to the
Stone :

Forgive me if I say, you seem to me,
More senseless, than the Thing to which you pray ;
As you yourself by this Expression own,
For he's a *Block*, whose Father is — a *Stone*.

On CRASSUS, a covetous PARSON.

By Mr. AMHERST.

UNform'd in Nature's Shop while *Craffus* lay,
A cumbrous Heap of coarse neglected Clay,
Pray, Madam, says the Foreman of the Trade,
What of yon poultry Rubbish must be made ?
For its too gross, says he, and unrefin'd,
To be the Carcass of a thinking Mind.
Then it's too lumpish and too stiff to make
A Fop, a Beau, a Witling or a Rake;

Nor

Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,
 For Ladies Footmen must have Sense and Wit :
 A Warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould ;
 A Statesman must be skil'd in various Arts,
 A Mistress must have Charms, a Pimp have Parts.
 A Lawyer without Craft will get no Fees,
 This Matter therefore will make none of these ;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought,
 But, Madam, I desire your better Thought.
 Why, Tom, says she, in a disdainful Tone,
 Amongst the Sweepings let it then be thrown.
 Or make — a Parson of the useless Stuff,
 'Twill serve a preaching Blockhead well enough.

Lingua potestior Armis.

THAT Speech surpasses Force, is no new Whim : *Jove caus'd the Heavens to tremble ; Juno him*

THAT Ignorance makes devout, if right the Notion, *Troth, Rufus, thou'rt a Man of great Devotion*

448 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

V E N U S mistaken.

By Mr. PRIOR.

WHEN Cloe's Picture was to Venus shown,
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own;
And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin try'd.
'Tis Cloe's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;
Friend Howard's Genius fancy'd all the rest.

Epitaph on Mr. HARCOURT's Tomb.

By Mr. POPE.

TO this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw
near; on ai meat, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ TAH
Here lies the Friend most wept, the Son most-dear,
Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendship might divide,
Nor gave his Father Grief —— but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reason! Eloquence how weak!

When Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Yee let thy once lov'd Friend inscribe the Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own.
Ah no! 'tis vain to strive — it will not be;
No Grief that can be told, is felt for Thee.

S U V T V C O The

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 149

The LUCKY MAN.

2007-08-11 10:00:30

By Mr. WELSTED.

I Owe, says *Metius*, much to *Colon's* Care ;
Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir :
True, *Metius* ; hence your Fortunes take their Rise ;
His Heir you were not, had he seen you Twice.

: se questo è vero **I C I H i L O E**.

From MARTIAL Book. III. Epig. lxxii

By Mr. MOTTLEY.

TH Y Eyes and Eyebrows I could spare ;
Nor for thy Nose do I much care :
I could dispense too, with thy Teeth ;
And with thy Lips and with thy Breath ; I a
And with thy Breasts and with thy Belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye ;
And, to be short —— hark, in thy Ear, ○ 1 M
Faith I could spare the All, my Dear.

The RAPTURE.

CR Y'D Strephon, panting in *Cosmelia's Arms*,
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your Charms!

150 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,
All Men must die (bright Boy, you know)
E'er they can rise again.

The A R T I S T.

By MATTHEW CONCANNEN, Esq;

VERY nicely thou lay'ft on thy Colours, dear Nan,
And no Painter in Skill can o'ertop ye ;
When to Ellys you sat, he dully brush'd on,
'Till he thought he had an Original drawn,
Which you prov'd to be only a Copy.

On a LADY who pretended to tell Fortunes.

By Mr. MOTTLEY.

SOME Oracles of old, to cause more Wonder,
Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with
Thunder :
But thy Predictions come not in a Storm,
They are deliver'd by the brightest Form :
If when you speak, Joye does not pierce the Sky,
Yet still you've all his Lightning in your Eye.

EPITAPH

EPI TAPH on a talkative old Maid.

BE NEATH this silent Stone is laid
A noisy antiquated Maid,
Who, from her Cradle, talk'd till Death,
And ne'er before was out of Breath. Maid did not tell
Whether she's gone we cannot tell,
For if she talks not she's in Hell.
If she's in Heaven she's there unblest,
Because she hates a Place of Rest.

PHILLIS.

Ancient Phillis has young Graces; wot?
'Tis a strange Thing, but a true one; I ha^te
Shall I tell you how? She makes
She herself makes her own Faces,
And each Mornng wears a new one; wot?
Where's the Wonder now?

A M I L E O N S R O B B E R Y T A I L

RIDWAY robb'd Duncan of three hundred
Pound; ^{and he repented when he}
Ridway was taken and condemn'd to die:
But for his Money was a Courier found
Begg'd Ridway's Pardon: Duncan now doth cry,
Robb'd both of Money and the Law's Relief,
The Courier is become the greater Thief.

On a Pipe of Tobacco, in the Jaws of Th—

SEE, lost at once in Thought and Smoke,
How Dross doubly puff's a Yoke!
And like the Sun, which all refines,
Drives Clouds before him when he shines:
While Friends who still his Wit admire,
Allow some Smoke to such a Fine;
And think that they are well repay'd,
With so much Light to so much Shade.

To a SEMPERE ESS. set et nichil.

OH what Bosom but must yield,
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance?

Fairest of the stitching Train,

Ease my Passion by your Art;

And impity to my Pain,

Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture.

By Mr. DENNIS.

HE * who great Jove's Artillery ap'd so well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell:
How then durst thou, with equal Danger, try
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye?
Painter, desist; or soon th' Event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his Arms as Jove.

Advice

* Salmoneus.

*Advice to the Rev'd Dr. T—, on his Translation of
VIRGIL.*

MIND but thy preaching, T—, translate no
further; *Thou shalt do no Murder?*

Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no Murder?*

To Mr. POPE, on his Translation of HOMER.

SO much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
Where Pity melts us, or where Passion warms,
That after Ages shall, with Wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

A DIALOGUE between two very bad Poets.

By Mr. CONCAGEN.

SAYS Richard † to Joe, * thou'rt a very sad Dog,
And thou can't write Verses no more than a
Log.

Says

† Savage * Mitchel.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 155

Says *Joseph* to *Dick*, Prithee ring-Rhime get hence,
Sure my Verse, at least, is as good as thy Sense.
Was e'er such a Contest recorded in Song?
The one's in the Right, and t'other's not wrong.

On a Flower painted by VARELST.

HERE flat on her Back, but unactive at last,—
Poor Sally lies under grim Death;
Thro' the Course of her Vices she gallop'd so fast,
No Wonder she's now out of Breath.

To the Goal of her Pleasures she drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up e'er half way she ran;
And tho' every one fancied her Life was a Yard,
Yet it prov'd to be less than a Span.

On a Flower painted by VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelf this little Wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view;
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
And finishing the Piece, she, smiling, said,
Bebold one Work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

On

On SUICIDE: From MARTIAL.

By Dr. S. W. B. H. and others.

WHEN all the Blandishments of Life are
gone,

The Coward creeps to Death, the Brave lives on.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd : We
play

A Round or two ; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh Pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty Leaving.

*Wrote on the Door of the ANGEL-INN, on the Road to
New-Market, which was kept by two Sisters ; but
just then shut up, and the Sign taken down.*

CHRIStIAN and GRACE
Liv'd in this Place,

An Angel kept the Door :

But CHRISTIAN's dead,

The Angel's fled,

And GRACE is turn'd a Whore.

On

On the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. leaving his Fortune to build an Hospital for Idiots and Lunaticks.

TH E Dean must die! — Our Idiots to maintain
Perish ye Idiots! — And long live the Dean!

On the same day

LO! Swift to Idiots bequeaths his Store!
Be wise ye Rich — Consider thus the Poor.

TH A I S, her Teeth are black and naught,
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the Reason? These are bought,
The other wears her own.

By W. WALSH, Esq.

CLOE, new married, looks at Men no more,
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

AMONG

Mong the Fair that Hide Park Circus grace,
A Canidia seeks Admirers of her Face ;
In vain her Airs, in vain her Arts she tries,
Among those Beauties that engage all Eyes :
Bright Rays, like Diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilst she is but the Cypher of the Ring.

On a LADY who was very handsome and very kind.

C LOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender :
How might such killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her.

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
A boundless Will to ease us.

On seeing a MISTER at Spring Gardens.

MUSIC has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To calm the Tyrant, and relieve th' Opprest :
But Vaux-ball Concert's more attractive Pow'r,
Unlock'd Sir Richard's Pocket at Threescore :

O strange Effect of Music's matchless Force,

Extract a Shilling from a Miser's Purse!

On a certain occasion King Philip of Spain
and his Queen were at

To the Early Birds that Sing and Pickle and T
OVID, who bid the Ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the Young and Fair;
For thee his Counsel were not safe,
Who of sound Teeth have scarce a Pair.

If thou thy Glass, or me believe,
Shun Mirth, as Foplings do the Wind.
At ~~Pinkie's~~ Face ~~smile~~ to grieve, and own
And let thy Eyes alone be kind.
Spend not tho' twere to give Consent.
For he that sees those rotten Bones,
Will dread their monumental Scent.
And fly your Sights, like dying Gro-

If thou art wise, see dismal Plays,
And to sad Stories lend thy Ear,
With the Afflicted spend thy Days;
And laugh not above one's a Year.

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 181

Tomoo hichieles caly gnowd wrono to god nev
... amel bly G... who had you at
... olool at *The Chose*, nof shomoi vil

TO O comicious of her Worth, a noble Maid,
Bank'd many a Lover, and her Time out-
stay'd,

While yet a Peer, less doubting than the rest,
Defy'd her Coldness, and attack'd her Breast.
A Spaniel Whelp, and Spaniel Lord declare
Their Vows to serve, and Hopes to please the Fair,
The cautious Nymph, till fearing a Trapan,
Their Fortune, Wit, and Worth did nicely scan;
Then, as the Reason of the Case is clear,
Embrac'd the Puppy, and dismiss'd the Peer.

awoyt ztnt ncoit lntk lntk to vayt Doyt of vayt Rend
The Disappointed Husband. **H**

Mulier nè crede, nè mortua quidem.

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd.
Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.
Sable was call'd to hang the Room with Black;
And all their Cheer was Sugar-Rolls, and Sack.
Two Mourning Staffs flood Centry at the Door;
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks, and Tears, and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woesful Pomp to Abchurch-yard:
Never blouw vnoQ banP goz diob usat and r... u... u... When

When see, of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
 The very Dead can't pass in Quiet home: No more
 By some rude Jolt, the Coffin-Lid was broke,
 And Madam, from her Dream of Death, awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd: The Undertaker's Pay,
 Sour Faces, Cakes and Wine, quite thrown away.
 But some Years after, when the former Scene
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
 The tender Husband took especial Care
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear,
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your Book is to an Index grown;
 You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader
 none.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Joan* at Discord be,
 The observing Neighbours no such Mood
 can see;
 Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever,
 But that his *Joan* doth too; and *Giles* would never,

By

By his free Will, be in Jezeb's Company is he not
 No more wou'd Jezeb he should : *Giles riseth early*,
 And having got him out of Doors is glad to go to
 The like is Jezeb But turning home is sickly,
 And so it goes! Oh times when *Giles* doth find
 Harsh Sights at Home, *Giles* wishes he were blind?
 All this doth Jezeb Or, that his long-ear'd Life
 Were quite quespuncta The like is with his Wife.
 The Children that he keeps *Giles* fayre are none
 Of his begetting, and so swears his *Yan*.
 In all Affections she concurreth still *At gatting*
 If now with Man and Wife, to will and nill
 The Self-same Things a Note of Concord be,
 I know no Couple better *cagliagre*.

A PROLOGUE written on O H Y T

W A PROLOGUE written on O H Y T

The Children of Israel's Passage out of Egypt.

WHEN Israel's Flock th' Egyptian King pur-
 su'd, In Chrystal Walls the wond'ring Waters stood :
 When thro' the dreary Waste they took their Way,
 The Rocks grew liquid, and pour'd forth a Sea.
 What Limits can Almighty Goodness know,
 Since Seas can harden, — and since Rocks can flow!

A French

A French Gentleman dining with some Company on a Fast-Day, call'd for some Bacon and Eggs: The rest were very angry, and reprov'd him for so heinous a Sin. Whereupon he writ the following Lines extempore, which are here translated.

All right again !
Well done, & I will tell you what I think.
Type. Copy out copies for
Ou, qui mangier un banan.
C'est un fruit pour les plaire.
En sa gloire enveloppe l'apéritif.
Il nous fait faire une belle surprise.
Type Self-taught English 5/10c
In English. By Dean SWIFT, would I

In English. By Dean SWIFT, on wood 1

WH.O can believe, with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence !

Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
To make him soft,
Almighty Anger to disarm ?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we diné ?

The words were said, and the boy's heart was full.

On a certain Poet.

THY Verses are eternal, O my Friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no
End.

Pinned

W^to d^r w^t f^oll^o g^o t^o m^o d^u e^o W

Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Penance
in the Church.

HE R E stand I, for Whores are great
To cast a scornful Eye on;
Should each Whore have herd round a Sheet,

You'd soon want one to lie on.

E P I T A P H on a Country Sexton.

HERE lies old Sars,
Worn out with Care,
Who whilome tol'd the Bell;

Could dig a Grave,
Or set a Stake,
And say Amen, full well.
For sacred Song,
He'd Hopkins Tongue,
And Sternold's eke also
Wish Cough and Hem,
As far's his Wind would go.

The Worms have lost
Their good old Host,

Who

166 JOE MUELLEM JESOL.

Who them full often fed;

For he is gone,

With Skin and Bone,

To starve them now he's dead.

HERE lies the Body of R. H.
More called his Spade, to

Since he is out of Breath & Corpse

Cover the Bones
Of him, who once

Wrought Journey-work with Death.

EPIATHA IN A COUNTRY GARDEN.

HERE lies old Sam,
Epitaph upon Counsellor GILL.

HERE lies the Body of Counsellor Gill,
Who, before he died, had made his last Will;
Which was, *Imprimis*, That he might have made
A Grave, seven Foot deep, with an Iron Spade;
So as to hold full ten Gallons of Gingy;
Six Pounds of Tobacco, with Pipe-powder therein;
These being his only Wishes, and earnest Request,
Pray add a young Damsel, if you think it best;
He thought it, when living, both fitting and just,
To have what he lov'd when laid in the Dust.

The world amioe T
All the boog tier T

on W

Upon

Upon one sealing a Pound of Candles.

LI G H T finger'd *Catch*, to keep his Hand in Use,
Stole any Thing ; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own, which once he handles,
For Practice Sake did steal a Pound of Candles ;
Was taken in the Fact : Oh ! foolish *Wight* ;
To steal such Things as needs must come to light.

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On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an Inn,
Ask'd the Maid what Meat there was within?
Cow Heels, she answer'd, and a Breast of Mutton;
But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no Glutton,
Either of these shall serve, to Night the Breast,
The Heels i'th' Morning, then light Meat is best;
At Night he took the Breast, and did not pay,
I th' Morning took his Heels and ran away.

The PRENNAGE.

WHEN PAUL counseld her the Father was rash;
 And so without further Reflection,
 Her delicate SON he condemn'd to the Lash
 While himself would bellow the Correction:
 Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
 That he in Regard to her Weakness,
 And to save her soft Back, would himself bear the
 Scourging.

With humble Submission and Meekness,
 She piously cry'd; When the Priest gave Accord,
 To shew what Devotion was in her.

He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord.
 For alas I'm a very great Sinner.

ON an Old Woman with False Hair
THE Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
 Is her's: Who would have thought it?
 She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears;
 For I know where she bought it.

JOE MILLER'S JEST. 269

W^t per Eliz. 1609. w^t per D^r 1610. w^t per A^g 1611.
b'ndes I daigne w^t per D^r 1610. w^t per A^g 1611.
On another OLD WOMAN.

FROM her own native France, as old Alison past,
She reproached Englyß Nell, with Neglect or
with Malice,
That the Slattern had left in the Hurry and Haste,
Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-brows at Calais.

An EPI TAPH.
HE R E lies honest Sampson, with Mary his Bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and cheeffully dy'd;
They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while they
were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the Table.
This Marble, which formerly serv'd them to drink

Now covers their Bodies; a sad Thing to think on,
That d^t what one can to moisten our Clay,
'Twill one Day be Ashes, and shoulder away.

WHILST in the Dark in thy soft Hand lying
And heard the tempting Syren in thy Tongue;

670 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd ;
But, when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

On an Old Maid's Marriage.

CELIA, a Coquet in Prime,

The vainest ficklest Thing alive ;

Behold the strange Effects of Time !

Marries and Doats at forty five.

Thus Weather-Cocks, who for a while

Have turn'd about with every Blast,

Grown old, and destitute of Oil,

Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

On a beautiful and ingenious Young Lady.

MINERVA, one Day, pray let no Body

doubt it,

Rid an airing from Oxford, six Miles, or about it,

Where she spied a young Damsel so blooming and
fair,

That, ah Venus, she cry'd, is your Ladyship there ?

Pray is not yon Oxford ? and lately you swar'd,

Neither you, nor aught like you, should ever come

there : & you must go back again.

Do

JOE MILLER'S JESSES. 171

Do you thus keep your Promise ? and am I defy'd ?
The Virgin drew near her, and smiling replied, —
— My Goddess ! What have you your Pupil for
got ? — Your Pardon, my Dear — Is it you *Molly*
S——t?

On meeting Tom Southern coming from Shakespeare's Tomb, and going to Prayers in the Abbey.

TH O' a whole People to thy Merit just,
Next *Shakespeare* shall erect thy laurell'd Bust ;
Tho' future Bards, illumin'd by thy Page,
Shall learn from Thee to melt a future Age :
Be this thy fairer Fame : The holy Sigh,
The Knee low bended, and uplifted Eye ;
The humble Prayer, and not the lofty Wit ;
The Life well-spent, and not the Play well writ :
'Twas great to move the Passions and the Heart,
The Passions conquer'd shew thy greater Art.

On a WELCHMAN.

A Man of Wales betwixt St. David's Day and Easter,
Ran in his Hostels' Score, for Cheese great
Store, a Tester ;

172 JOE MILLER'S JESTS

His Hostels chalks it up behind the Door,
And says, for Cheese's come Sir, discharge this Score :
Cot Zounds, quoth he, what meanest these?
D'ye think hur knows not Chalk from Cheese?

Under the Picture of a Barber.

THIS vain Thing set up for a Man,
But see what Fate attends him;
The powdering Barber first began,
The Barber-Surgeon ends him. **T**

To a Lady who married her FOOTMAN.

DEAR Cousin think it no Reproach;
(By Virtue shines the more)
To take Black-John into the Coach
He rode behind before.

Then Captain too longing, wait to move

On MONTICELLI, the Eunuch.
But if you see his bed, his bed will be a

F. Febri's Judgment you rely on, it had been

Enraptur'd Febri's sure to tell you,

That neither Orpheus, nor Amphion,

Could charm like warbling Monticelli.

But if Effects most wond'rous prove,

A Title to the greatest Art and Fame;

Those old Musicians Stones could move:

Can Monticelli do the same?

To a Lady with Ovid's Epistles.

By the late Mr. BECKINGHAM.

MADAM, whilst there th' intrigues of antient
Dames,
And sad Effects of ill-requited Flames,
The Love recording Ovid's Numbers show,
In all the lively Grace of Tuneful Woe;
Think not too rude the Poet's Art appears,
That draws deserted Toasts and Beauty's Tears;
How perjur'd Men the easy Fair disdain,
And too complying Nymphs are kind in vain;
Think not your Sex traduc'd thro' Spleen or Rage,
His Belles were copy'd from a former Age;

Their Charms too languid, and too faint to move,
 But thro' an *Ovid's* Skill the Hero's Love;
 Now had he liv'd, that Praise had all been cross'd
 And half the Genius of the Poet lost; I
 The pleasing Anguish that his Lines impart,
 Ne'er touch'd with Female Griefs the Reader's Heart;
 Once had he seen Originals like You,
 His Ladies must have charm'd, his Men been true.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

SHE first departed; he for one Day try'd
 To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

SEVEN wealthy Towns contend for *Homer* dead,
 Thro' which the *Living Homer* begg'd his Bread.

On a certain gouty Poet with his Feet wrapp'd up in Ivy-Leaves, and Flannel or Bays.

P O E T and Critic both would S—be,
But to such Poets who did e'er decree
Chaplets of Bays from Phœbus's sacred Tree ?
Nor will the Critics Ivy deign to spread
On that hard sapless Clod, miscall'd his Head.
His gouty Numbers bid to both Defiance,
With both his gouty Feet have sought Alliance ;
So on his burning Toes alone he lays
The Critic's Ivy and the Poet's Bays.

To Dr. S W I F T.

By a Gentleman who imitated his Manner and Style in Writing.

Y OU, who first taught us in this Isle
True Humour, dress'd in beauteous Stile,
Apollo's Substitute, most fit,
To raise and cultivate our Wit.
In this we have our different View,
You rival him, we copy you ;
And copy too, with great Mistake,
Those noble Draughts you often make ;

276 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

So when the Buckler, dropt by Fate,

From Heaven to save the *Roman* State :

Others were made a common Crew,

To guard, but not eclipse the True.

Our whole Pretence to pass for Wits,

Is that we are your Counterfeits.

To Le MissE.

WHEN thou art ask'd to sup Abroad,
Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd ;
That eating late does overload

The Stomach and the Mind.

But if *Appius* makes a Treat,
The slender'st Summons thou obey'st ;
No Child is greadier of the Tear,
Than thou art of the bounteous Feast.

There thou wilt drink 'till every Star
Be swallow'd by the Rising Sun :
Such Charms hath Wine we pay not for ;
And Mirth at others Charge begun.

Who shuns his Club, yet flies to every Treat,
Does not a Supper, but a Reckoning hate.

EPI TAPH

JOE MILLER'S JESPSI 1971

EPIGRAPH: *a certain Noblemen, who died by taking Cantharides.*

HE R E, said Grubbinables, in a low voice, "I
will pass very odd. Terms go on until

First a Prey to the Flies, and then of

Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
For the Carcass must rot, when the Flesh is fly-blown.

Yet this may be said in his Praise,

Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us tore him,

He did endeavouring to raise

His Friend who was dead long before him.

On C L O E.

HE R E Cloe lies
Whose once bright Eyes
Set all the World on Fire;
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the World admire.

03

1781 JOE MILLER'S JESSE.

On FARANELLI's coming to Sing in the Opera

A MPHION strikes the vocal Lyre,
And ready at his Call, ERE H
Harmonious Brick and Stone conspire
To raise the Tiberian Wall.
In Emulation of his Praise, a wond'rous
Latian Hero's come, to shew how
The Opera Theatre to raise,
And new erect its Dome:
But how this last should come to pass,
Is strange all Men must own;
Since this poor Gentleman, alack! brings
Brings neither Brick nor Stone.

JEALOUSY. By a Lady.

O H! shield me from his Rage, celestial Powers,
This Tyrant that imbibers all my Hours.
Ah, Love, you've poorly play'd the Monarch's Part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my Heart.
So bleis'd was I, throughout thy happy Reign,
I thought this Monster banish'd from thy Train;
But you would raise him to support your Throne,
And now he claims your Empire as his own:

Or

Or tell me, Tyrants, have you both agreed,
There where one reigns, the other shall succeed.

To a Lady who desired to know in what the Goodness
of an EPIGRAM consists.

A N Epigram's good, when like you, Mistress
Frail,

'Tis pretty and short, with a Sting in its Tail.

On a Riding-House turn'd into a Chapel. Y
A Chapel of the Riding-House is made,
Thus we once more see Christ in Manger laid,
Where still we find the Jockey Trade supply'd,
The Laymen bridled, and the Clergy ride.

P. 179. The Cure of Love.

W HEN, Clos, I confess my Pain,
In gentle Words you Pity show;
But gentle Words are all in vain,
Such Gales my Flame but higher blow.

II

Ah,

180 JOEL MILLER M.D.

Ah! Cloe, would you cure the Smart, at last,
Your conq'ring Eyes have already made, T
Yourself, upon my bleeding Heart,
Yourself, fair Cloe, must be laid.

Thus for the Viper's Sting we know,
No sover Remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring Foe,
And squeeze his Venom on the Wound.

On a very homely LADY, that patch'd much.

YOUR homely Face, Flippant; you disguise
With Patches numerous as Argus' Eyes;
I own that Patching's requisite for you,
For more we are pleas'd, if less your Face we view:
Yet I advise, if my Advice you'd ask,
Wear but one Patch; but be that Patch a Mask.

COULD our first Father, at his toilsome Plough,
Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his Brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude unpolish'd Skin;
Could he, a vain, fantastick Nymph have seen,

In

In all her Airs, in all her antic Graces,
Her various Fashions, and more various Faces ;
How had it pos'd that Skill, which late assign'd
Just Appellations to each several Kind : W
A right Idea of the Sight to frame, A
To guess from what new Element she came, S
To hit the wavering Form, or give the Thing a W
Name. What's this? What's this? What's this?

S I L V I A.

SILVIA makes a sad Complaint she's lost her
Lover : H
Why nothing strange I in that News discover. H
Nay, than thou'rt dull; for here the Wonder lies
She had a Lover once! —— don't that surprize?

On Dr. HOLLAND's translating Suetonius.

PHILEMON with Translation doth fill
Your Pippet Chalice, by Jality's Vessel, T
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquill. T

To the poor Artificer of Glances,
Her valiant Son's bold Pictures
The D A R T.

WHene'er I look, I may descry
A little Face peep through that Eye:
Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose
His Throne among such Beams as those,
Which, if his Quiver chance to fall,
May serve for Darts to kill withal.

N. I. V. J. L. & C. A. W.
E P I T A P H on his Wife.

HERE lies my poor Wife, without Bed or
Blanket: And in I reign'd guidon yon
But dead as a Door Nail, God be thanked.

Verses under a LADY's Picture.

THE Poet and the Painter safely dare,
To form an Image of the proudest Fair:
Your brighter Charms, by lavish Nature wrought,
Transcend the Painter's Skill, and Poet's Thought.

On

Such is poor Hester : Sport her friends, we find,
that *Julia* is throwing a Snow-Ball.

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd
Snow,

Nor fear'd I burning from the watry Blow:
'Tis cold I cry'd; but, ah! too soon I found,
Sent by that Hand, it dealt a scorching Wound,
Resistless Fair ! we fly thy Pow'r in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery Darts the frozen Rain. **H**
WBurn, *Julia*, burn like me, and that Desire,
With Water which thou kindlest, quench with Fire.

*Occasioned by seeing some Verses on CÆLIA, wrote
on a Pane of Glass.*

WE L. hast thou drawn a fond Youth, in pro-
digies & perfections ? O ! how I envied
The short-livid Beauties of false Cælia's Face ; when
When Words Obscurities thy Sense o'er-shade,
The Glass gives Light to what thou wouldst have
said.

Bright as this lucid Glass her Eyes now seem,
Like this, breath'd on, by fell Disease grow dim.
Like Glass is every strongest Vow she makes,
Brittle as that, as easily she breaks :

Such is her Honour : Short her Fame, we find,
Which crack'd, must perish by the first high Wind.

Autia young woman going up the steps

Snow

Not least'd I painte how the wretched Blow :
On the PAIN T A R R a b b y of a Man fastened to
a Cross, that he might draw the Picture of the Cru-
cifition more naturally.

Revengeful Evil ! we by thy Pow'r in vain

WHILL his Redm'man his Canvas dyes,
Stabbd at his Fees his Brushto working lies;
The daring Artist, cruelly severe,
Views the pale Cheek, and the distorted Mien ;
He drains off Life by Drops, and deaf to Cries,
Examines every Spirit as it flies :

He studies Torment, dives in mortal Woe ;
To rouze up every Pang, repeats his Blow ;
Each rising Agony, each dreadful Grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's Face. **W**
Oh glorious Theft ! Oh nobly wicked Draught !
With its full Charge of Death each Feature draught !
Such wond'rous Rores the magick Colours boast,
From his own Skill he starts, in Horror lost.

Scarf

R

Wrote

Wrote by a young Lady on one of the Windows of Nottingham-Castle.

VE Heavens! if Innocence deserves your Care,
Why have ye made it fatal to be Fair?
Base Man, the Ruin of our Sex was born,
The Beauteous are his Prey, the Best his Scorn;
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

MY Heart is proud your Chains to wear,
But Reason will not stoop.
I love that Angel's Face, but fear
The Serpent in your Hoop.
That Circle is a Magick Spell, he who
To make the Wisest fall,
Its Centre black and deep, like Hell,
Contains the Devil and all.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love;
But oh, what Pain succeed!
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love a Fire indeed.

The D A R T.
How

When'er I look, I may descry
A little Face peep through that Eye:

Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose
His Throne among such Beams as those,
Which, if his Quiver chance to fall,
May serve for Darts to kill withal.

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Scarcely per' Heron : Sport her Flock we find,
On *JULIA's throwing a Snow-Ball.*

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186 JOE MILLER'S JEST.

Such is her Honour : Short her Fame, we find,
Which crack'd, must perish by the first high Wind.

U T I A young woman finds up her bed

On the P A I N T E R who had a Man fastened to
a Cross, that he might draw the Picture of the Cru-
cifixion more naturally.

R e g u l a t e f i r ! w e a k l y P o w' r a n d
WHILL his Redemer on his Canva dies,
Stabbl'd at his Feet, his Bretherd waiting lies;
The daring Artist, cruelly severe,
Views the pale Cheek, and the distorted Mien ;
He drains off Life by Drops, and deaf to Cries,
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Why have ye made it fatal to be Fair?
Base Man, the Ruin of our Sex was born,
The Beauteous are his Prey, the Best his Scorn;
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is such,
We please too little, or we please too much.

MY Heart is proud your Chains to wear,
But Reason will not stoop.
I love that Angel's Face, but fear
The Serpent in your Hoopoe,
That Circle is a Magick Spell,
To make the Wisest fall,
Its Centre black and deep, like Hell,
Contains the Devil and all.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love;

But oh, what Pain succeed!

When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love a Fire indeed.

*On a DUMBE BOY, very beautiful, and of great Quick-
ness of Parts.*

Written by a Lady.

ISING the Boy who, gagg'd and bound,
Has been, by Nature, robb'd of Sound;
Yet has she found a gen'rous Way,
One Loss by many Gifts to pay,
His Voice, indeed, she close confin'd,
But blest him with a speaking Mind;
And ev'ry Muscle of his Face,
Discourses with peculiar Grace:
The Ladies tattling o'er their Tea,
Might learn to charm by copying thee;
If Silence thus can Man become,
All Women-Beauties should be dumb.
Then, happy Boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy Loss of Speech a Pain:
Nature has used thee like good Liquor,
And cork'd thee, but to make thee quicker.

Solid Worth in a WIFE.

WHEN Loveliest married Lady Jenny,
Whose Beauty was the ready Penny;

I chose

I chose her, says he, like old Plate,

Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

H
N Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shroud :
How can a Marriage-State then be accr's'd,
Since the last Day's as happy as the first ?

M O D I M O T U S A
To a young Gentleman who lov'd to drive hard with a
ferry Pair of Horses.

T H Y Nags, the leanest Things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious Coachman say,
It cost thee more in Whips than Hay.

On a Lady's wearing a Patch.

T H A T little Patch upon your Face,
Would seem a Foil on one less Fair ;
On you it hides a charming Grace,
And you, in Pity plac'd it there.

Written

190 JOE MILLER IS NESTED

I chose her, you see, this old Miss

Written on the Chamber-Door of King CHARLES II.

By EARL of ROCHESTER.

HE RE lies the Mutton-eating King,
Whose Word no Man relies on;
Who never said a Foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Since this first Day's as good as the last.

On the Death of MARY, Countess of Pembroke.

By BEN JOHNSON.

Underneath this sable Hearse,
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother;
Death, e'er thou hast killed another,
Fair, and learned, good as she,
Time shall throw his Dart at Thee.

A Cate to the CIVILIANS.

NO KES went, he thought, to Stiles's Wife to
Bed.
Nor knew his own was laid there in her Stead,
And you, in this place'd it please.

Civilian,

Civilian, in the Child he then begot, is it said to
To be allowed legitimate, or not? I will tell you.

A Licence for the marriage of a

Heathen, whose country welcome prove,

The Real Affection of a

DO R I S, a Widow, past her Prime,
Her Spouse long dead, her Wailing doubles;
Her real Griefs increase by Time,
And what abates, improves her Troubles.

Those Pangs, her prudent Hopes suppress'd, **W**
Impatient now she cannot smother:
How should the helpless Woman rest? one bold h.
One's gone; — nor can she get another.

A THE HUNTBAND 2

E By A Lady. A

TH E Poets sing of old, that am'rous Jove,
In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled Leda's Charms,
And, with a rival Whiteness fill'd her Arms. **W**
On Danae's Lap he fell a golden Shower:
(Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour) **W**
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's grisly Shape **A**
He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.

eT

Nos

Nor think it strange, that *Job's* Almighty Power,
 Thro' these base Forms, taught Females to adore,
 A Likeness less agreeable he try'd,
 He came a Husband to *Amphytrion's* Bride :
 And, in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,
 Who must not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove*.

OR 18 a W 25 for Prime
1st Spouse long lease per Will

On Dr. TADLOK, a very fat Man.

WHEN *Tadlo* walks the Streets, the Pavours
 cry, *God bless you, Sir, — and lay their Rammers by,*
God bless you; — nor can the beggar suffer.

SICK AND HALE.

A T T A L E.

From Monsieur de la Fontaine. H T
By Mr. Motteux.

WHEN *Alice* was sick, mind-like to die,
 Her Friends advise her to confess.
 What! mind you not your Soul, they cry;
 Alas! said she, I mean no less;

1071

To

JOE MILLER'S JEWEL 199

To Father Andrew send away,
For he's the Man in such a Case,
Who always hears what I've to say;
And stores me with new Seeds of Grace.
A Messenger's dispatch'd with Speed,
To fetch this Crone her Ghostly Guide,
Who, ever in her Time of Need,
Fit AIDS of Comfort could provide.
He at the Convent Door does knock;
Who is't you wont? crys out a Brother;
'Tis Father Andrew of your Flock,
For Alice has Dealings with no other:
She's sick, and needs must be confess'd;
Her Conscience with the World set even:
By Father Andrew, sure you jest,
He's been these dozen Years in Heaven.

THE IDIOT

On a handsome IDIOT.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful
Air,
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd cælestial Fire;
But as soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral Lips such Folly broke;

Nº. IX.

S

Like

394 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

'Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

To C H A R I N U S, an ugly Woman's Husband.

C H A R I N U S, 'twas my Hap of late,
To have a Sight of thy dear Mate;
So White, so flourishing, so Fair,
So Trim, so Modest, debonair;
That if good Jove would grant to me
A Leash of Beauties, such as she,
I'd give the Devil, at one Word,
Two, if he would take the Third.

P H I L L I S's Age.

By Mr. PRIOR.

H OW old may *Phillis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To answer is no easy Task;
For she has really two Ages.
Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phillis* is but Twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd ;
And *Phillis* is some Forty-three.

Against an ATHEIST.

WHILST in his double Elbow Chair
Young *Alcidor* does loll and swear,
No Wonder if a Wretch like me,
Am Object of his Raillery ;
Why should not I a Blockhead seem
To one who does his God blaspheme ?
But no Man thinks (whate'er he saith)
His Words are Articles of Faith,

F A N C Y.

LO V E is by Fancy led about
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt ;
Whom we now a Goddess call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature :
Love and Hate are Fancy all.

196 JOE MILLER's JESTS.

'Tis but as Fancy shall present
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bless'd or dies :
Visions of mighty Pains, or Pleasure,
Imagin'd Want, imagin'd Treasure ;
All in powerful Fancy lies.

To V A R U S. W

EPICRAM Lxxviii of the 4th Book of Martial imitated.

By Mr. M O T T L E Y.

W HEN Varus asks his Friends to dine,
(With Plate and Glass his Side-Boards shine,
But that, alas ! is poor Relief
To Stomachs sharply set on Beef :
For tho' his Plate may feast the Eye,
'Tis neither fit to roast nor fry.

By W. WALSH, Esq;

G O, said old Lyce, senseless Lover go,
And with soft Verses court the Fair ; but know,
With all thy Verses, thou canst get no more
Than Fools, without one Verse, have had before.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew ;
But that which most enrag'd me, was, 'twas true.

C L A R I N D A, with a haughty Grace

In scornful Postures sets her Face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give in Love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that Degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my Pain,
I am too proud for your Disdain.

M A N and Money a mutual Friendship show,
Man makes false Money, Money makes Man
so.

T E N Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed,
She warbled her Groans with so charming a Voice,
That one half of the Parish was stunn'd with the Noise ;

198 JOE MILLER's JESTS

But when *Florimel* chose to lye privately in,
Twelve Months before she and her Spouse were a-kin,
She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurse; nay, her Midwife, scarce heard her
once squeal.

Learn Husbands from hence, for the Peace of your
Lives,

That Maids make not half such a Tumult as Wives.

On an ancient Lady who painted very much.

By JAMES MOORE SMYTH, Esq;

COSMELIA's Charms inspire my Lays,
Who fair, in Nature's Scorn,
Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
Like Glastonbury Thorn.

Cosmelia; cruel at Threescore;
Like Bards in murd'ring Plays,
Four Acts of Life pass guiltless o'er
But in the Fifth she flays.

If e'er impatient of the Bliss,
Into her Arms I fall,
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss
Like Thisbe thro' a Wall.

To

To a bad Fidler.

OL D Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old Nick,
While thou mov'st nothing but thy Fidle-stick.

To FLIRTY.

IN Church the Pray'r-Book and the Fan display'd,
And solemn Curt'fies shew the wiley Maid ;
At Plays, the leering Looks, and wanton Airs,
And Nods, and Smiles, are fondly meant for Snares.
Alas ! vain Charmer, you no Lovers get ;
There you seem Hypocrite, and here Coquet.

On a CROOKED WOMAN.

SHE's bent, like a Nine-pence, and would have
been broken,
Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token.

On

On another CROOKED WOMAN.

NA T U R E in Pity, has deny'd you Shape,
Else how should Mortals Flavia's Chain
escape?

Your radiant Aspect, and your rosy Bloom,
Without this Form, would bring a gen'ral Doom :
At once our Ruin and Relief we see :
At Sight are Captives, and at Sight are free.

In Church the Play, Books and the like will mis-
take ; the learned I hope, and wotton Aye,
And who can tell ? But when the Senses
To an old Woman who used Art.

LE A V E off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youthful
Dress,
And Nature's Failing honestly confess ;
Double we see those Faults which Art would mend,
Plain downright Ugliest would less offend.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

THINAIN by Parallels you strive,
Panthea's Eyes to praise ;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itself alone displays.

Gaze

Gaze on them only, if you'd know
What dazzling Rays they dart:
But if what piercing Shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

To a Jealous Husband.

TELL me, Sileno, why you fill,
With fancy'd Woes, your Life,
Why's all your Time expended still,
In thinking, or in talking ill
Of your too virtuous Wife.

For, Faith, I can't see to what End
You keep her up so close,
Nor how you could yourself offend,
That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
You never leave your House.
Ah ! were she but advis'd by me,
Her many Taunts and Scorns,
With Int'rest should refunded be ;
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
By decking thee with Horns.

would b'fore hi , yea mad no ev'ry
t'rib' yea ay' philax' red W.
On Maids.

MO S T Maids resemble *Eve*, now in their Lives,
Who are no sooner Women, but they're Wives.

Wit not wiv' witt, om d. J. H. T.
A—, they say has Wit, for what?
For Writing?—No; for Writing not.

On a CUCKOLD.
CORNUTUS call'd his Wife both Whore and Slut;
Quoth she, you'll never leave your Brawling; but—
But what, quoth he— Your Post or Door,
For you have Horns to *but*, if I'm a Whore.

On Cloe.
PR'ythee is not Miss Cloe's a comical Case?
She lends out her Tail, and she borrows her Face.

Mutual

Mutual Love.

HOW faint a Joy the Maid imparts,
Reluctant who resigns her Charms !
She damps the Transport of our Hearts,
And Beauty of her Force disarms.

How great the Pleasure, how refin'd,
And even in Reflection sweet,
When Lovers are but one in Mind,
And Souls together seems to meet !

THOMAS'S Wife.

WHEN Thomas calls his Wife, his Half,
I like the Fellow's Whim ;
For why ? she horns him ; so the Jilt
Belongs but half to him.

EPI TAPH on a Miser.

READER, beware immoderate Love of Pelf :
Here lies the worst of Thieves, who robb'd
himself.

On

On the Clare-Market, and other ORATORS.

TO wonder now at Balaam's Ass is weak ;
Is there a Day that Asses do not speak ?

On a R A K E.

JACK he knows the World : Most dreadful News !
That all the World haunt Taylors and the Stews.

Lady VAINLOVE's Servants.

IN their rich Liveries starving, they repine,
And wish to sell the Lace, that they may dine.

On the Death of Mrs. Oldfield and little Norris.

MOURN all ye Nymphs and Swains of Drury-

Lane, *BY A TALE*

Since Mirth itself's with little Dicky slain ;

CABR

Helman

True

True Wit and Humour forc'd at length to yield
To Harlequin and * Flame resign the Field :
What needs, when Ribaldry can please the Age,
An Oldfield, or a Norris on the Stage? UOHT
When such they saw came daily to perplex it,
They judg'd it Time for them to make their Exit.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell :
Should Jack's Wife die, he would behave as
well.

The SCHOLAR.

MASTER of Arts ! spent seven Years at College
In his own Room ! he must have wond'rous
Knowledge.

* *Harlebrumbo.*

206 JOE MILLER'S JEST.

bloty or drudg'd is b'fore mankind has seen T

To his False Mistress.

THOU said'st that I alone thy Heart could move,
And that for me thou would'st abandon Love.
I lov'd thee then ; not with a Love desil'd,
But as a Father loves his only Child.

I know thee now ; and, tho' I fiercer burn,

Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.

See what thy Falshood gets ! I must confess

I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

On the PICTURE of SUSANNA.

SUSANNA's Fate with Pity we behold,
Condemn'd to Letchers, impotent and old :
With wond'rous Art, the Pencil shows the fears
The faint Addresses—not the Force of Years.

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

IF Wit, as we are told, be a Disease ;
And if Physicians cure by Contraries
Blackmore alone the healing Secret knows ;
'Tis from his Pen the Grand Elixir flows.

On

On a Physician and Parson who had both abused him.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Would'st thou be damn'd at once, and perish
whole,
Trust Blackmore with thy Health, and Milbourne with
thy Soul.

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

LE L Blackmore still in good King Arthur's Vein,
To Flecknoe's Empire his just Right maintain;
Let him his own to common Sense oppose,
With Praise and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful Name prophane,
And learned Garib with envious Pride disdain;
Codron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;
Let the Quack scribble any Thing but Bills,
His Satyr wounds not but his Phygic kills.

On Mr. CORMELIUS MARTEN, a contented Cuckold.

NIGRELIO leads a married Life,
Not with his own, but's Neighbour's Wife;
Cornelius knows it to be thus;
But he's *Cornelius Tacitus.*

On the Expulsion of a Member of the House of Commons, for an Attempt to bribe a Member of the Secret Committee.

TO raise a Lady's Expectation high,
With Hopes of some approaching Bliss that's
nigh;
To tempt her to her Chamber; shut the Door;
Then make Acknowledgments; and do no more.
Has she not Reason loudly to complain
Of—the corrupt Intention of the Swain?

MARTIAL. LIB. II. Epig. xx.

By Mr. COOKE.

PAUL so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown
With Gold he buys Verses and calls them his own;

Go

Go on, Master Paul, nor mind what the World says,
They are surely his own for which a Man pays.

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, first a School-Master,
then a Physician, and afterwards a Postmaster.

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Blackmore at first profess'd the Whipping Trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,
But kindly cur'd the Arse he gall'd before :
So Quack commenc'd: Then, fierce with Pride he
sware
That Tooth-Ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no
more:
In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd,
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd;
Next he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,
Who hideous Rumbling made Apollo start;
Burlesqu'd the Bravest, wisest Son of Mars,
In Ballad Rhimes, and all the Poms of Farce :
Still he chang'd Callings, and at Length, has hit
On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

210 JOE MILLER's JESTS

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE's Paraphrase upon
Job.

WHEN Job contending with the Devil I saw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw;
For I concluded, that without some Trick,
A Saint at any Time could match Old Nick.
Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouse stumping him with her Clack;
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A Crab-Tree Cudgel soon would fend her going!
But when the Quack engag'd with Job I spy'd,
The Lord have Mercy on poor Job I cry'd.
What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
The Quack will compass with his murd'ring Pen,
And on a Dunghill leave poor Job again.
With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme
And make the Saint, against his Will blaspheme.

WHEN daring Blood, his Rent to have re-
gain'd
Upon the English Diadem distract'd;

He.

He chose the Cassock, Surfingle and Gown,
The fittest Mark for one who robs the Crown:
But his Lay-Pity underneath prevail'd,
And, while he sav'd the Keeper's Life he fail'd.
With the Priest's Vestment, had he but put on
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

*The EMPEROR ADRIAN's Death-Bed Verses to
his Soul, imitated.*

By Mr. PRIOR.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering Thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And do'st thou prune thy trembling Wing
To take thy Flight, the Lord knows whither?

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot,
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st thou know'st not what.

*Written on a Glass with the Earl of Chesterfield's
Diamond Pencil.*

By Mr. POPE.

ACCEPT a Miracle, instead of Wit;
See two dull Lines by Stanhope's Pencil writ.

ULYSSES; Dog ARGUS.

By Mr. POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses from his native Coast,
Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempest
tost,

Arriv'd at last, poor, old disguis'd, alone,
To all his Friends, and e'en his Queen unknown ;
Chang'd as he was with Age, and Toils and Cares,
Furrow'd his reverend Face, and grey his Hairs ;
In his own' Palace forc'd to ask his Bread,
Scorn'd by those Slaves his former Bounty fed ;
Forgot of all his own domestic Crew,
His faithful Dog his rightful Master knew ;
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the Clay,
Like an old Servant now cashier'd he lay ;

And

And tho' e'en then expiring on the Plain,
Touch'd with Resentment of ungrateful Man,
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
Him when he saw —— he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd and kiss'd his Feet,
Seiz'd with dumb Joy, then falling by his Side,
Own'd his returning Lord --- look'd up --- and dy'd.

*Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen ANNE's
and the late Duke of MARLBOROUGH's Images,
and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.*

By Mr. PRIOR.

YE active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and farthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbro'* fought.

*Written in the Nouveaux Interests des Princes de
l'Europe.*

By Mr. PRIOR.

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by their Error we are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

On

*S*o much did the gentle Air please the Painter, that he
and his Master were induced to paint it on a Fan.
On a Fan, in which was painted the Story of CEPHA-
LUS and PROCRIS, with this Motto:

A U R A V E N T I.

By Mr. P. O. P. Elizur and Co.

COME, gentle Air, th' *Aeolian Shepherd* said,
While *Procris* panted in the sacred Shade ;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies :
Lo ! the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,
Breathe on her Lips, and in her Bosom Play :
In *Delia's* Hand this Toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled Dart more surely wound ;
Both Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall, by those they love :
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,
At random Wounds, nor knows the Wounds she gives ;
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her Lover dies.



F I N I S.

The Swift Wonder

of all the Wonders, that ever
the World wonder'd at.

For all Persons of Quality
and Others.

Newly arriv'd at this City the famous
Artist John Emanuel Schoitz, who to the
great Surprise and Satisfaction of all
Spectators, is ready to do the following
Wonderfull Performances, the like before
never seen in this Kingdom.

He will heat a Bar of Iron red hot, and
thrust it into a Barrell of Gunpowder, before
all the Company, and yet it shall not take fire.
He lets any Gentleman charge a Blunderbuss
with the same Gunpowder, and twelve Leaden

Ball-

Bullets, which Blunderibus the said Artist discharges full in the Throat of the said Company, without the least hurt, the Bullets sticking in the Wall behind them.

He takes any Gentleman's own Sword, and runs it through the said Gentleman's Body, so that the Point appears bloody at the Back, to all the Spectators, then he takes out the Sword, wipes it clean and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a Pot of Scalding Oyl, and throws it by great Ladles full directly at the Ladies without spoiling their Cloathes or burning their Skins.

He takes any Person of Qualities Child from two years old to six, and lets the Child's own Father or Mother take a Pike in their Hands; then the Artist takes the Child in his Arms and exposes it upon the Point of the Pike, where it sticks to the great Satisfaction of all Spectators; and is then taken off without so much as a hole in his Coat.

He mounts upon a Scaffold just over the Spectators, and from thence throws down a great quantity of large Tiles and Stones, which fall

full like Germany Pillows, without so much as discomposing either Penates or Head-dresses.

He takes any Person of Quality up to the said Scaffold, which Person pulls off his Shoes, and leaps nine Foot directly down on a Board prepared on purpose full of Sharp Spikes six Inch long, without hurting his Feet or damaging his Stockings.

He places the said Board on a Chair, upon which a Lady sits down with another Lady in her Lap, while the Spikes instead of entering into the under Lady's flesh, will feel like a Velvet Cushion.

He takes any Person of Quality's Footman, ties a Rope about his bare Neck, and drawes him up by Pulling to the Ceiling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his Master or the Company pleases; the said Footman to the Wonder and Delight of all Beholders, with a Pot of Ale in one hand and a Pipe in the other; and when he is let down, there will not appear the least marks of the Cord about his Neck.

Hec

He bids a Lady's Maid put her finger into a Cup of clear Liquor like Water, upon which her Face and both her Hands are immediately wither'd, like an Old Woman of fourscore; her Belly swells as if she were in a Month of her Time; and her Eyes are as thick as Mill-Poole; but upon putting her finger into another Cup, she becomes as young and handsome as she was before.

He gives any Gentleman leave to drive forty twelve-penny Nails up to his Head in a Porter's backside, and then places the said Porter on a Loadstone Chair, which draws out every Nail, and the Porter feels no pain.

He likewise draws the Teeth of half a Dozen Gentlemen, mixes and jumbleth them in a Hat, gives any Person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his fore-finger and Thumb he
thrusts several Gentlemen's and Lady's
eyes out of their Heads, without the least
pain, at which time they see an unspicte-
able Number of beautiful Glours, and
only after they are enterteined to the full, he
places them again in their proper Sockets,
without any damage to the Sight.

He lets any Gentleman drink a Quaich
of hot melted Lead, and by a Draught of pre-
pared Liquor, of which he takes part him-
self, he makes the said Lead pass through
the said Gentleman before all the Spectators
without any Damage: after which it is
produced in a Casket to the Company.

With many other wonderful Performances
of Art, too tedious here to mention.

The said Artist has perform'd before
most Kings and Princes in Europe with
great Applause.

He performs every Day (except Sundays)
from Ten of the Clock to one in the Fournoon,

and from Four till Seven in the Evening,
at the New Inn in Smithfield.

The first Seat a Brittish Crown, the
Second a Brittish Half-Crown, and the last
a Brittish Shilling.

N. B. The best Hande in Towne are to
play at the said Shee.

Artemesia.

Tho' Artemesia talks, by fits,
Of Councils, Clapsicks, Father, Wits;
Reads Malbranche, Bayles, and Lockes;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails,
'Twere well if she woud pare her Nails,
And wear a cleaner Smock.

Naughty and huge as High-Dutch Brides,
Such Rustiness, and so much Pride,
Are oddly joind by State;
On her large Squall you find her spread,
Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed,
That lies and stinks in State.

Two or Threel; or a Receipt
to make a Cuckold.

Two or three Visits, and two or three Books,
Two or three Civil things, two or three Wives,
Two or three Ripes, with two or three Sighes,
Two or three Jesu's and let me Die,
Two or three Squeezes, and two or three Doozes
(With two or three hours and þound last at thair
Housis)
Can never fail Cuckolding two or three Spouses.

Epigram, In a Maid of Honour's
Prayer Book.

When Israel's Daughters mourn'd their past Offences,
They dealt in Sackcloth, and hand Cynder-Winches;
But Richmonds Fair-ones never spoild their looks,
They are white Ladder, and wear Holland Smooches.
O comely Church! where them ales find clean Linnen
as decent to repent in, as to sin in.

Epigram.

Mr Thomas was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to the Street, and fled for his Life;
Tom's three Dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
And saw'd him at once from the Shew and the
Rabble;

The ventur'd to give him some sober advice —
But Tom is a Person of Honour so nice, —
Too wise to take Council, too proud to take
Warning,
That he sent to all three a Challenge next
Morning:

Three Duels he fought; thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his Wife.

The Place of the Damn'd

Written in the Year 1731 —

All Folks, who pretend to Religion and Grace,
allows there's a Hell, but dispute of the Place.
But if Hell may by Logical Rules be defin'd
The Place of the Damn'd — I'll tell you my
Mind.

She wears no Colours (sign of Grace)
On any part except her Face;

All white and black beside:

Dauntless her look, her Gesture proud,
Her Voice theatrically loud,

And Masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating Thing, a Magpie bright,

Majestically stalk;

A stately, worthless Animal,

That plies the Tongue, and vaunts the Taile,
All flutter, Pride, and Talk.

Ode, for Musick, on the Longitude

The Longitude must on

By wicked Will Whiston

and not better hit on

By good Master Dillon.

Ritornello

So Dillon and Whiston

May both be bop-st on

And Whiston and Dillon

May both be besh-t on.

Sing Dillon,
Bush-t on;
And Whiston,
Bop-st on.

Sing Dillon and Whiston,
And Whiston and Dillon;
Bush-t and Bop-st on,
Bop-st and Bush-t on.

Epigram on the Friends about Handel
and Bononcini.

Strange! all this Difference should be,
Twixt Twiddle-Dum, and Twiddle-Day!

On Mr T — s.

So bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
We had drawn both the Beasts, and their Orpheus along.
But such is thy Na'rice, and such is thy Pride,
That the Beasts must have star'd, and the
Poet have dy'd.

Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd Peats, damn'd Cuttlers, damn'd Block-
heads, damn'd Knaves,
Damn'd Senators, brib'd, damn'd prostitute Slaves,
Damn'd Lawyers and Judges, damn'd Lords, and
damn'd Squires
Damn'd Spies, and Informers, damn'd Friends,
and Damn'd Liars;
Damn'd Villains, corrupted in every Station;
Damn'd Time-Serving Priests all over the Nation.
And into the Bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant Prelates, and Convolles Privy.
Then let us no longer by Parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these Marks, the Place of the
Damn'd:
and Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome,
How happy for us, that it is not at
Home.

To all the Curious Criticks
and Admirers of Metres.

Have you not seen the raging Stormy Main,
Toss a Ship up, then cast her down again?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
And then again upon the land she lies.
Or have you seen a Bull when he is jealous,
How he does tear the ground, and roar, and bellow?
Or have you seen the pretty Turtle Dove,
When she laments the absence of her Love?
Or have you seen the Fairies, when they sing,
And Dance with mirth together in a Ring?
Or have you seen our Gallants make a Party,
With Grace the Fair, and Fairies yet, anاعتىداتىن
Or have you seen the Daughters of Apollo +
Pour down their shining liquors in a hollow
Lane _____
In spungy brain congealing into Verse? ?
If you have seen all this, then keep my verse.

* Two Sisters

+ The nine Muses.

The Commons Petition to
King Charles the 2^d.

In all Humility we crave,
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The Kings Answer.

Charles at this Time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Kings Epitaph.

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no Man rely'd on;
He never said a Foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a Wise one!

On the Countys of Dorchester,
Mistress to King James the 2^d. Written 16

1.

Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresser find a way,
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

2.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
Still ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and lace?
Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

3.

So have I seen; in Land dark
of Veals a lucid Loin;
Replete with many a brilliant Spark,
(As Wise Philosophers remark)
At once both Skin and Shine.



n. 16

An Epigram on Cibber

In meny Old England, it once was a Rule,
The King had his Poet, as also his Fool.
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve for both Fool & Poet.



